The Nation.

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The Week.

THE discussion in the Senate on Thursday over the failure of the President to keep Congress informed of his acts and instructions in the Hawaiian matter, would have had more weight if the attacks on his reticence had not come mainly from those who avow their desire to see the present provisional government recognized and supported, or at least, let alone, by the United States, and who hold that any interference with this government now by the President will be an "act of war" which should, under the Constitution, be authorized by Congress. But not one word was said in the debate as to what a President should do when an unauthorized act of war has been committed in a foreign country by a representative of the United States, and a legitimate representative government thereby overthrown. This is exactly what has happened in Hawaii. This is clearly a wrong done by the United States. Has the President under the Constitution no power to undo wrongs committed in foreign countries without authority by his officers or agents? Somebody ought to answer this question.

It is said, also, that the wrong done in Hawaii ought to have been righted at once, and that it is monstrous now, after ten months, to disturb the established order of things. But the wrong, if a wrong, consisted in the overthrow, with our help, of the government preferred by the majority of the Hawaiian voters. It cannot become a right as long as the majority of the voters have not acquiesced in it. Have they been consulted? Is it the American doctrine that ten months or a year legitimizes a successful usurpation, and that a minority has only to maintain itself in power by force during that period in order to deprive the majority of its rights? Who is the American public man who will become responsible for this doctrine? Any one who has read the history of the Republican party during the last thirty years would expect to see all the leading Republicans in both houses denouncing the President for not settling the Hawaiian trouble by taking a plébiscite in the Islands; but, strange to say, the only voices raised for justice to the men of color are Democratic voices. A plébiscite is the very last thing the Republicans desire.

Great amazement is expressed in certain quarters over Ambassador Bayard's remarks about Hawaiian affairs. What he said was, that the President was simply following a policy of magnanimity and justice, and had never thought of interfering by force to set up or put down a government in Honolulu; his main wish being to give the Hawaiian people a chance to determine their own form of government without American dictation. This is spoken of as betraying the "secrets" of the Administration. But what reason has any sane mind had at any time to think that the President intended anything else? All the furious talk about his trampling on the Constitution and shooting down Hawaiian patriots has been purely gratuitous, without a shadow of support in anything he has said or done. In fact, it has been confessedly based upon what he was going to do, the critics being sure that they knew what that was. They showed some signs on Monday of being aware that their unconstitutional action may turn out to be all in their eye, and are already preparing to find a victim in another quarter.

Ex-Minister Stevens has all along represented his action in recognizing the provisional government of Hawaii as in perfect harmony with the views of Capt. Wiltse of the *Boston*, "now in his honored grave." But there is an officer of the *Boston* yet in the land of the living, who gave a very different account of the affair to Mr. Blount. Lieut. William Swinburne, recounting the events of January 17, 1893, says that he was present at an interview between Capt. Wiltse and several gentlemen claiming to be the provisional government. They asked for recognition from the captain, but he inquired whether they had possession of the police station or the barracks. They confessed that they had not, as, in fact, their main object in seeking recognition was precisely to enable them to overawe the Queen's troops. "Very well, gentlemen," said Capt. Wiltse, "I cannot recognize you as a *de-facto* government until you have possession of the police station and are prepared to guarantee protection to life and property." This was undoubtedly the correct view, but Stevens regarded it as thoroughly un-American, and himself recognized the conspirators while they were still shivering with dread lest the Queen's 600 well-armed troops should fall upon their 60 raw recruits. Then President Dole thanked Stevens, and asked him to be kind enough to loan him the United States troops for the purpose of storming the police station.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff of the *Herald* had a most destructive letter in that journal on Tuesday calling ex-President Harrison's attention to various fatal concealments and perversions in Mr. Stevens's report and that of the Hawaiian commissioners, as brought out by the evidence collected by Mr. Blount. Some of these concealments, as, for instance, the protest of the Queen's minister of foreign affairs against the landing of the troops, are most important. The evidence collected by Mr. Blount ought in fact to have closed the mouths of Stevens and his defenders long ago, but it will not. The manner in which they have conducted this controversy is in truth little short of a national disgrace. From Stevens down it has been impossible from the beginning to get them to discuss the evidence in detail. When he, after a long delay, appeared with a statement, it consisted almost wholly of rather vulgar abuse of Mr. Blount and the Administration.

Another matter is not less important. Should Hawaii be annexed, we may be sure it will be a precedent under which other islands—probably West Indian—and other States, inhabited wholly or in large part by a colored population, will be brought into or under the dominion of the Union. It is most needful, therefore, that the political status of these people should be settled now. Are they to be voters who may any day decide a Presidential election, or are they to be subjects to be ruled by proconsuls sent from Washington once in four years in return for campaign work or money? How are they to be made to fit into the time-honored policy of the Republican party with regard to the Southern negroes? What will be the bearing on them of the fifteenth amendment? No more important questions than these have ever been submitted to the American people, and yet not one word in answer to them have we been able to extract from the *Tribune* or any other Republican organ. Nothing comes from them day after day but a dreary and monotonous bow-ow-ow at the President and Mr. Blount.

The exportation of $500,000 of gold on Saturday, followed by further shipments on Tuesday, are regarded with indifference in the money market. The fact is that such a movement, under existing conditions, is a sign of health and not of disease. With call money as low as 1½ per cent. here, while it commands 2½ in London and 3 or 4 in Berlin, an exportation of gold is desirable. If the gold is owned by us we shall get more for its use abroad than could be obtained here. If it is owned by foreigners, we shall no longer be paying interest for something that we cannot employ profitably. These are very ele-

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mentary truths. They are properly appreciated now because we are not under apprehensions of a change in the standard of value arising from the purchases of silver by the Government. On the contrary, we are now witnessing large shipments of silver abroad, for which gold would have been required under the régime of the Sherman act; 450,000 ounces of the white metal having gone out on Saturday. Another fact of importance is the increased productiveness of our own gold mines, those of Cripple Creek, Colorado, having risen to $261,000 in October, as compared with $204,000 in September, a gain of 30 per cent.

There is an Italian proverb which says that there can be no omelet without the breaking of eggs. The committee on ways and means are learning the truth of this every day. Whenever it is proposed to levy a tax on anything, a lot of people rise up and say that it must not be done, and they make such a "poor mouth" that most people take pity on them and agree that it would be a very bad thing to do. But obviously the Government must have more revenue, and somebody must pay it. The Republicans have been very cunning. They have used up the Treasury surplus, they have abolished from time to time the largest sources of revenue, and have finally swelled the pension list, nearly thirty years after the close of the war, to a figure that equals the cost of the large standing armies of Europe. That is the situation to be faced. It may be unjust, but it will not yield to scolding. It cannot be railed away any more than the seal could be railed from off *Shylock's* bond. The Democratic party must take the risk of imposing some new taxes. Let us see what the Government raised in the way of internal revenue in 1866 *aside* from the tax on manufactures and the tax on incomes. Here is the list:

Stamps	$15,044,373
Tax on gross receipts	11,262,430
Licenses other than liquor and tobacco	14,011,132
Sales	4,002,283
Legacies and successions	1,176,979
Banks, railroads, etc	12,109,4.0
Miscellaneous	4,440,290
	$62,040,907

It is safe to say that each one of these sources of revenue would now yield double the amount that it yielded in 1866, with the same rate of taxation. A stamp duty, for example, of the same kind that was imposed then, would now yield $30,000,000. At one-half the *rates* imposed in 1866 it would yield the same amount as then. Or the same amount might be raised by stamps on a smaller number of instruments, as, for example, conveyances of land, mortgages, and shares of stock transferred or created after a certain date. Probably a stamp duty would produce less trouble and encounter less opposition than any other thing that could be devised.

The drift of sentiment among Republicans in Congress regarding the position of their party towards the tariff bill seems to be rather with Senator Hawley in pronouncing for prompt action than with Senator Aldrich in suggesting the consumption of several months in discussion, simply for the wasting of time. Senator Sherman is quoted by the *Herald's* correspondent as saying that he thought a month or six weeks would be time enough for the Senate discussion, although it might run for two months, depending largely upon the course the debate might take, and that there would be no talk for the mere sake of talk. The policy advocated by Senators Sherman and Hawley is so obviously the only rational one, from a party point of view, that it will be quite impossible to secure much support for obstructive proceedings. The bill is surely going through, sooner or later, and nothing in the world is to be gained by making it later. Manufacturers and business men generally are everywhere anxious for promptness in the matter, and if the Republican party should try to prevent this, it would suffer.

The Government of Chili has put in a claim for damages for the seizure of the *Itata* by our Government during the Harrison administration. It will be remembered that this vessel was lying at San Diego waiting for a cargo of arms for the Congressionalists; that a deputy marshal, or a person who supposed himself to be such, went on board and seized her, or supposed he had done so, in behalf of the United States, for violation of the neutrality laws; that the commanding officer of the *Itata* put him ashore, took on her cargo of arms and sailed for Chili; that the United States war-vessel *Charleston* was despatched after her, and pursued her to Chilian waters, where she was surrendered by the Chilian authorities; and finally that the United States District Court, in which a libel was filed against her, decided that the *Itata* had not violated our neutrality law or any other law. If the trespass committed by our Government had been committed by a private person, a judgment for damages would have been given against him at once. Whatever loss was incurred by the *Itata* ought to be made good without further delay. Chili paid us $75,000 for a very dubious claim growing out of a street riot in Valparaiso. We ought to show no less readiness in paying a bill which our own courts have declared to be valid in every moral point of view.

Kansas and Colorado continue to pay the penalty for their folly in electing Populists as Governors. The Colorado executive persists in his determination to call a special session of the Legislature, which is not needed and can do no good, and which there is no money to pay for; and the people are petitioning the members to adjourn as soon as they meet, as the cheapest way out of the difficulty. The Governor of Kansas last week issued an executive letter to the boards of police commissioners throughout the State, ordering them not to enforce the law for the punishment of vagrants, and paying a warm tribute to the tramp as very likely a Diogenes or a Columbus in disguise. The result is already seen in a rush of tramps into Kansas from all parts of the West. "The army of vagrants," says a Topeka despatch, "are flocking into the State in great numbers. They throng the railroad yards, and boldly demand food and clothing at private residences. Reports of petty thefts and robberies are being received from all parts of the State, but as the officers have been forbidden to make arrests for vagrancy, they are powerless to rid the communities of objectionable characters."

This sort of thing is hard on Colorado and Kansas, but it is good for the rest of the country. We have been told for many years that neither of the old parties had any capacity for government, and that what the people needed was a "people's party," which should rule in their interest. As long as the Populists were never tried, their claims were very effective with the unthinking. The farmers of Kansas at last became convinced that the condition of the State would be vastly improved if they tried the promising experiment, but they have already had more than enough of it, and are lamenting that Gov. Lewelling is fastened upon the commonwealth for another year. In Colorado even the mine-owners and workers are so far recovered from their craze as to see that Gov. Waite's policy only means an addition to their burdens. But nothing short of such an experience as that of Kansas and Colorado would ever have convinced the general public that Populism was really so great a humbug. As it is, the whole country now realizes the truth about it, and the organization has no future.

The decision of the general term of the Supreme Court at Albany last week upon the conduct of the State Canvassing Board in consummating the theft of the Senate which Hill, Maynard, and Rice had planned, is a most appropriate sequel to the November verdict of the people upon Maynard's conduct. The general term not merely summons the members of the board to appear in court and show cause why they should not be punished for contempt, but it goes over once more the disputed question of the legal status of the Mylod return from Dutchess County, and declares that, whatever else the State

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Board of Canvassers had a right to do, it had no right whatever to canvass that as either a legal or a valid return. Yet it was for the purpose of having this return canvassed by the State Board that Messrs. Hill, Maynard, and Rice removed the legal return from the official records of the State. The finding of the general term upon this point is directly in line with the decisions of Judge Cullen in the Emans case, and with the report of the Bar Association upon Maynard's conduct.

The excitement over the question of giving Catholic schools a share of the school-fund in this State and in Maryland and New Jersey, where definite proposals have been made looking that way, seems to us unnecessary. With influential Catholics opposed to such a policy, and with a pronounced and almost overwhelming sentiment against it among the non-Catholic population, there is no likelihood whatever of any such measure being successful or even seriously pushed. Its revival just now may be due in part to the hard times, which have undoubtedly made the burden of supporting the parish schools unusually hard to be borne by their patrons. It may also have been taken up, in this State at least, on the theory that the control of the Legislature would rest in quite other hands than those in which the late election placed it. We believe that the American people are ready to consider any fair plan of compromise on the school question such as that proposed by Archbishop Ireland, but that they will never consent to appropriations of public money for Catholic schools—this, not because the schools are Catholic, but because they are sectarian. If the Catholics are entitled to such appropriations, so are the Jews, so is each of the Christian sects, so are the agnostics, and the Christian Scientists, and the Theosophists.

The only practical effect of the gathering of the striking Danbury hatters in town meeting to vote themselves $50,000 will probably be the speedy bringing of the absurdity into the courts to have the sawdust let out of it. Meanwhile the incident should afford food for thought to those ardent socialists who look to see the state, when conducting all industry collectively, display heroic virtues and supernatural wisdom. As a writer in a current magazine justly remarks: "The new socialism freely constructs imaginary societies in which every fact of history is deliberately violated. The whole relation of man to things is cast aside, and a new man—a social creature with new instincts—is thrust into being, to enjoy a new relationship to things." What havoc the Danbury hatters make of the theories of such a man as the Oxford don who recently wrote, in a book on the 'Labor Movement':

"If society were able to control industry and wealth for the good of its own members as a whole, I imagine that the only differences in this respect would be two. First, it would be *only* the incompetent and not also the idle who would be allowed thus to live on the surplus products of other men's industry. Idleness would be regarded as a social pest, to be stamped out like a crime. Secondly, the miscellaneous selection of the incompetent for suitable provision, at present effected by birth, fortune, favoritism, intrigue, quackery, and other means, would be superseded by a more scientific adjustment. All who could work would have to work."

Working simply because one can work! The mad hatters know a trick worth two of that, and vote themselves money out of other people's pockets without a suspicion of the New Era halo anywhere in sight about them.

President Patton is reported to have said, in the course of an address at Philadelphia on Tuesday week:

"All athletics are beneficial to the progress of students with their studies. . . . They sharpen his intellect and give him a stronger mind. The recreation and exercise thus derived enable him to more easily master the difficult problems his studies develop. While athletics are at their height in college, the student never neglects his studies."

We have found it difficult to believe that the president of Princeton used this language, and our doubts were strengthened by the following item in Thursday's budget of football news from Princeton:

"The team received a communication from the faculty forbidding them to play any more games this year. The faculty are of the opinion that study should take the place of sport after Thanksgiving Day. This necessitates the cancelling of the exhibition game scheduled with the Columbia Athletic Club at Washington next Saturday."

How small the reporter must feel who put all that talk into President Patton's mouth. If his silly inventions had any foundation in fact, the Princeton faculty would urge the football team to play as many games as possible, and to keep it up all winter under cover in the Madison Square Garden, where, in fact, games have been played in cold weather, and in this way develop a set of intellects which would astonish the world by the way they mastered difficult problems.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the new cabinet in Italy—Crispi's, it promises to be at this writing. It cannot do much better than the old one, unless it gets rid of the Triple Alliance. It is that which is gradually working the ruin of the Italian kingdom. The drift towards bankruptcy grows stronger every day, because the armaments ashore and afloat which Italy is compelled to maintain under the treaty are wildly out of proportion to her means. She is literally surrendering, for the sake of protection against a remote danger, most of the things which constitute national success and happiness. If her present situation lasts much longer it will become a question whether she would not have done better to knock under to France years ago, live under her patronage, and take up a position of mere sufferance in the Mediterranean. The national finances are going to ruin; the destruction of public and private credit is destroying the character of public men and bringing parliamentary institutions into utter disrepute with the masses. That there is not more talk of a republic is undoubtedly due to the fact that nobody feels that a republican assembly would be any better than the present parliament.

It looks more and more as if France would soon have another war on her hands. This will be unwelcome to her at a time when Siam and Morocco demand such close attention, not to speak of African boundary disputes with Great Britain, Germany, and the Congo Free State, unfinished conquests in Dahomey and the Sudan, an unsettled feeling in Europe, and various complications in her home politics. For years, letters from Madagascar have dwelt on the increasing friction between the government at Antananarivo and the French Resident. By the treaty of 1885 France has charge of the foreign relations of Madagascar, while she has nothing to do with the internal administration of the island. This seemed a new and convenient form of protectorate, a way of keeping off all rivals while quietly waiting for her convenience to pluck the pear, or until it was ripe enough to fall of itself into her lap. From the beginning, however, the arrangement has worked badly, as has a similar one between Italy and Abyssinia. It is hard to say what relates to external affairs and what does not. Such questions as the rights of granting exequaturs to consuls, and of giving large land or mining concessions to foreigners, have led to endless bickerings. The French have tried to make their protectorate as broad as possible; the Hovas, promptly regretting that they ever agreed to such a thing, have wished to minimize it; the English Protestant missionaries, who are a power in the land, and are naturally jealous of French and Catholic influence, have helped to envenom a quarrel that has now reached the point where hostilities may break out any day. The Hovas can perhaps bring into the field 50,000 men, more or less well armed and disciplined. They will be no match for European soldiers, but the country, with its dense vegetation and total lack of roads or navigable rivers, is admirably suited to prolonged guerilla warfare, entailing on the invader serious loss besides great weariness and expense. England will look on jealously and disapprovingly, though, as she recognized the French protectorate in 1890, it is difficult to see on what grounds she can interfere.

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THE EXPLOSION IN PARIS.

THE explosion in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris is another of the acts of the war on society in which the lowest grade of the socialists are engaged. For it must be remembered that there is no distinction worth mention between the anarchists and the Continental socialists. It is true that the anarchists, properly so called, profess not to believe in the necessity of any government whatever. But the number who hold this opinion sincerely is probably very small indeed. The great majority of anarchists are simply socialists who think they can hasten the socialist millennium by violent means—that is, by frightening the bougeoisie with bombs; and the socialist millennium consists in the possession by "the state" of all the instruments of production, and the constant supply of employment and comfortable subsistence to everybody. The Paris *Temps* recently pointed out, in proof of this, that none of the socialist writers or orators in France ever pass out-and-out condemnation on bomb-throwing. They call it, at most, a mistake, not because it is inhuman or unjust, but because it prejudices the public against the socialist cause. The anarchists have good reason to slaughter their enemies, but they are unwise in doing it.

We fear we must be prepared for many more outrages of the same sort as long as the socialist craze lasts, and it will probably not die out without the trial of experiments which will do serious injury to our civilization. It is gaining ground in nearly every civilized country, and it cannot gain ground without calling into existence a large fringe of desperate and broken men who used to be considered, and to consider themselves, criminals or pariahs, but who now assume the rank and functions of the apostles of the new gospel. The examination of several anarchists in France shows how easy it is nowadays for a half-crazy fellow out of work to look on himself as a martyr in a great cause, and every man with a good coat on his back as one of his persecutors.

The causes of the spread of socialism are many and various. The chief, doubtless, are the extension of universal suffrage and of the art of reading among vast bodies of poor and really ignorant people, the increased facilities of communication between the workingmen of different countries, and the growing force of the principle of equality, which lies at the bottom of all democracy, and which, as Tocqueville pointed out in 1851, after levelling all other distinctions, is beginning to rage against distinctions based on property. Socialist opinions, like religious opinions, of course, take their tone and temper very much from the medium through which they pass. Among the philanthropists and ethical philosophers they make a mild form of human brotherhood, a sort of sublimated Christianity; but, down among the lower class of untaught workers, they become as fierce a fanaticism as ever offered an infidel the choice between the Koran and the sword.

But no analysis of the causes of the movement would be either complete or accurate which did not give a high place among them to the talk of the clergy, of the new political economists, and of the philanthropic public generally, on social topics. The behavior of these more or less instructed bodies at this juncture recalls irresistibly the way the French aristocracy before the Revolution played with the new ideas which were before long to cut their throats and confiscate their property. The clergy are almost everywhere seeking to retain their hold on the masses by taking up sympathy with the poor and intercourse with them as a sort of religious duty, and in doing so flatter them with preposterous accounts of what the community can and ought to do to make amends for "pangs of nature, sins of will, defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

Still more helpful to the socialists are the labors of the new school of political economists. The outgivings of these gentlemen are all treated in the socialist camp as confessions of guilt and proposals to surrender on the part of the "capitalistic" class and the well-to-do world generally. What name to give to their political economy it would be hard to say. The older political economy, founded by Adam Smith and extended by Ricardo and others, confined itself strictly to describing the manner in which the human mind plays on the various phenomena of trade and commerce. One can easily see here the possibilities of a genuine science. All that these economists had to say to the legislature was, "If you do so and so, such and such things will happen; the explanation of this and that phenomenon which puzzles you is this and this." To the new school this modest rôle is mere foolishness. Each professor is an economist, legislator, and preacher of righteousness all in one. He cannot write about value without getting hold of a "germ of ethical implication," or about cost without "taking up a concept into his ethical consciousness." One of their most distinguished text-writers, Prof. Marshall, lays it down that "the inquiry whether poverty is necessary" is "what gives its highest interest to economic science," and of course "economic science" decides with Dr. McGlynn that poverty is not necessary; that different social arrangements would banish it, no matter what demand the human race made on the produce of the earth, and no matter what kind of character men brought to the process of earning a living. The same authority says that political economy "is, on its more important side, the study of man," which makes it include almost everything which can in the slightest degree affect the condition of the race, and makes its professors the equals at least of Comte's corps of philosophers. Hence, as might be expected, "school" succeeds "school," each trying to outdo the other in inventing new distinctions about value, and cost of production, and rent, and the pains of labor, but all promising the workingmen, and the poor generally, a glorious future—when "the state" really takes their case in hand.

With real men of science this new political economy is falling into the contempt which long ago overtook theology and metaphysics; that is, they set it down as merely a collection of the opinions of all sorts of people, who cannot be called to account, and whose predictions there is no means of verifying. But with the socialistic poor it meets with a very different reception. It satisfies them that they are right in believing that society has for long ages been cheating and oppressing them, that the existing social organization is vicious and tyrannical, and that it is the duty of "the state" to take care of them. When professors in colleges, sprung from the capitalistic class and armed with all the learning of the Egyptians, talk in this way, all further discussion seems unnecessary. It only remains to get possession of the government in order to banish poverty; and any means which seems likely to frighten the well-to-do into capitulation seems lawful.

The mischief these various bodies do among the laboring class is worked mainly by spreading false ideas of the state and false ideas of human nature. For their talk about "the state" there is no excuse. They know well that the state cannot be in our time any abler, wiser, or more honest than the majority of the people who compose it, and would certainly be less so, and that any state in our day which was armed with control of the property of the community would simply be a sink of corruption, of which decent people would soon rid themselves by force of arms. Fancy Gilroy and Croker in possession of the "instruments of production" in New York city, and Flower, Hill, and "Billy" Sheehan in the State at large; how long would the working classes escape "precariousness of employment, of livelihood, of support for old age, and of freedom from employers' dictation," which one of the economical philosophers sets down among the crying evils of our time? Even if we escaped such worthies as these, where would the State get the talent and honesty necessary for any such a vast scheme of administration? Everybody knows that the working class does not contain it, any more than the middle class, in any country in the world. Venal and lazy leaders abound among the working classes, and there

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is hardly a corporation in the world today which is not suffering or has not suffered from the folly or dishonesty of its managers. The régime of individualism and competition undoubtedly has its evils, but they are trifles compared to the probable evils of state socialism, and they diminish in proportion to the improvement of individuals in character and intelligence, and in no other way can or will diminish.

The false ideas of human nature which the economists diffuse consist in their ignoring the gravest fact in the history of the race, the desire of man to live on his fellow-man, in a greater or less degree—that is, to impose on some one else the cares, the labor, and burdens of life which properly belong to him only. It is this trait of human nature which has made government, laws, military discipline, philosophy, and religion necessary all the world over. Our whole civilization is based on a recognition of it. If the lazy, the selfish, the shirks, and the incompetent were allowed to have their way, it would not last two years. It is only the élite of the race who are exempt from the trait in question. Even people who would not steal for worlds are quite capable of letting other people do their work and bear their burdens. What keeps humanity at all up to the mark is the embodiment in the jurisprudence and philosophy of every civilized people of the apostolic precept that the man who will not work shall not eat. In other words, the fear of poverty is one of the greatest supports of our morality.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

It is not now denied on any side that the *de-facto* government of Hawaii is a government set up by violence, with the aid of the American minister and of American troops, for the sole purpose of transferring the country to a foreign power, that power being the United States. President Harrison accepted this transfer in hot haste. President Cleveland has rejected it pending investigation, partly because the acceptance of it would be a reversal of the policy of the Government touching the annexation of foreign islands, and partly because he thinks the dethronement of the Queen a "wrong" done to a friendly government. In the meantime he has done what any rational man, one would say, ought to do under the circumstances, in sending the best man he could find to inquire and report. This man has reported, and the report confirms the opinion that the revolution was in the main the work of the United States minister. This is as far as the President has gone. The abuse he is receiving for his instructions to Willis assumes that he has ordered Willis to restore the Queen by force, but this is very unlikely. Anyhow, nobody knows as yet what Willis's mission is.

The affair may now be said to have passed out of the President's hands into those of Congress. Congress has now to act in the matter. It can do one of three things—recognize the provisional government as the permanent and lawful government of the country, and leave it to take care of itself; give President Dole notice to quit and restore the Queen; or, take the vote of the registered electors as to the kind of government they will have and recognize and protect *that*. Now the country is waiting to hear which of these policies Congress will adopt. As yet we have no indication of what the choice will be.

As regards the first, it will be observed that it would, if adopted, be an avowal that we had no remedy for the wrongdoing of one of our agents in a foreign country; that no matter how much his conduct might be condemned by his superiors, we had no choice but to accept the consequences of it. There is no doubt that the situation is one of great difficulty. We can recall no case like Stevens's except the dethronement of King Kamehameha by Lord George Paulet. But Paulet did not set up a government of his own, and he was promptly disavowed by his admiral. There have been cases, too, where a foreign minister has connived at and encouraged revolution in the country to which he is accredited, but no case that we know of where he has himself made the revolution—that is, no case in which the revolution could not have succeeded without his aid. In this absence of precedent Congress will have to make one for itself, and it will be not only a contribution to international law, but a rule of our diplomatic service. It can hardly be that the Congress of a Christian nation will confess that it has no remedy for the wrongdoing of its own agents. The law of nature ought to be drawn on here by some of our jurists as it was in the case of the seals.

As regards the second, the objection is made that it would be "declaring war" on President Dole, who is, according to one theory, a lawful government in good and regular standing. But it is to be observed that Dole does not claim this character for himself. He is, according to his own showing, only a provisional president pending the annexation of his country to the United States. Now, should Congress refuse to annex, would not the refusal operate as the service on Dole of a notice to quit? It seems to us that when his annexation scheme fails, he is *functus officio*, and ought to retire, and it would then be our duty to keep order until the Queen returned to possession. Anyhow, the "war" on him would never be anything more serious than writing him a note, and it is confusing counsel to talk or think of him as a national belligerent. About the restoration of the Queen we express no opinion. It is, however, to be observed that she has never been heard in her own defence, that extraordinary pains were taken to prevent her being heard, and that her character is now being blackened all over the country on mere rumor. The very same people who are maintaining that Dole is entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of a lawful government in the forum of international law, are loudly proclaiming the right of the United States to dethrone queens for immorality. But both positions cannot be sound. If we have a right to depose the Queen for unchastity, we surely have the right to kick Dole out for illegality. Let us add that stories about immorality coming from missionaries and from enemies about either man or woman should be received with great caution. It is a matter on which missionaries and clergymen and women generally are exceedingly credulous. Moreover, we find from the evidence in Blount's report that no white ladies in Honolulu refused the Queen's invitations to the palace, and all were glad to get them.

The third policy, the taking of a popular vote, we should have said a year ago, was the truly American policy, and the one which Congress, in circumstances like these, would be pretty sure to adopt. We supposed, a year ago, that the policy of allowing a handful of white traders to set up a government without consulting the main body of the people, anywhere within the radius of United States influence, would be strongly condemned by both parties, and especially by the Republican party. And, above all, we never expected to see the Republican party arrayed against a popular vote on account of the color of the bulk of the voters, seeing that it was it which embodied in our own Constitution that famous clause which says that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, *or any State*, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

AN ABANDONED POSITION.

By an act of Congress, approved July 27, 1868, it was declared that "the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that "any declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision of any officer of this government which denies, restricts, impairs, or questions the right of expatriation, is . . . inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the republic." These declarations, which were foreshadowed in the fifteenth section of the Free Soil platform of 1852, were worked into the revised statutes. They mark the first formal and complete adoption by the Government of the United States of the principle of voluntary expatriation.

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Prior to their promulgation, differences of opinion had been disclosed in the expressions of our secretaries of state as to how far it was permissible to intervene in behalf of a naturalized citizen abroad, especially within the jurisdiction of his original country, if he voluntarily returned to it; and in several well-known cases our courts, following the doctrine of the English common law, had held that natural allegiance could not be shaken off without the consent of the sovereign. With one vociferous breath the act of 1868 swept all these doubts and differences away. Since expatriation was a natural and inherent right of all people, the naturalized citizen should (the act proceeded to declare) be entitled to receive the same protection as the native citizen, everywhere and under all circumstances. The country of his origin, if he saw fit to return to it, could no longer claim his allegiance, but must accord to him the same rights and immunities as belonged to the native citizen of the United States. Such was the position expressly assumed by the United States in the act in question, though no attempt has been made to impress it by other means than argument on governments like Italy and Russia, which do not recognize the right of their subjects to expatriate themselves without their consent.

The circumstances in which the act of 1868 originated were somewhat ridiculous, but it is not necessary now to narrate them. Nevertheless, that year was a notable one in the history of expatriation. Prior to the passage of the act, naturalization treaties were concluded by George Bancroft with various German states, including the North German confederation, and negotiations for similar treaties with other powers were begun. But of all the treaties of the year, the most remarkable in its declarations respecting expatriation was that with China, commonly known as the Burlingame treaty. According to the terms of her penal code, China had apparently treated the renunciation of her allegiance as a capital offence. By article 5 of the Burlingame treaty it was declared, in the very substance of the act of Congress: "The United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance." This declaration was absolutely unqualified, going in this respect beyond the stipulations of any other treaty.

The right of expatriation is the "right of man to change his home and allegiance." It comprehends both emigration and naturalization. It necessarily involves the right to leave one country and enter another, and the right to transfer allegiance from the former to the latter. It belongs equally to all races, and to men of all occupations not criminal or injurious to society. It is, as the Burlingame treaty declares, a "right of man," or, as the act of Congress expresses it, a "right of all people." Hence any law or rule of governmental action that abridges this "right of man," or "right of all people," to make a voluntary choice of home and allegiance, necessarily denies, restricts, and impairs the right of expatriation. If it be true that the right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right, it is not possible to deny to one government the power to forbid emigration and renunciation of allegiance, and to concede to another government the power to forbid immigration and the acquisition of allegiance. The two things are strictly correlative. The right of expatriation, as a natural and inherent right of the man as distinguished from the citizen, is as clearly denied and discredited by the government that refuses admission and naturalization to the foreigner, as by the government that refuses emigration and renunciation of allegiance to the subject.

While the truth of these propositions should seem to be self-evident, it does not appear to have been appreciated in the United States. In the correspondence of the Department of State even during the last ten years constant references may be found to the act of 1868 as a valid and subsisting law, binding in the full extent of its declarations on all officers of the Government. In reality it may easily be shown that, as the result of positive legislation which has been sustained by the decisions of our courts, the position we assumed in 1868 has been abandoned, and that the act of that year can no longer be considered as in force.

In 1875 Congress passed an act forbidding the immigration of persons under contract to labor. The right to enter into contracts to labor is inseparable from the right to labor, and is fundamental. It lies at the foundation of all organized society. The act of 1875 was designed to exclude not only immigrants who were not in themselves desirable, but also those who, in the exercise of the "natural and inherent right" to labor, might become competitors of laborers already here. It was an abridgment, for certain local purposes, of the paramount right of the individual to expatriate himself.

But it was three years later that our repudiation of the declarations of 1868, and perhaps their insincerity also, began to be demonstrated directly and comprehensively. In 1878 a Chinaman named Ah Yup presented a petition to Judge Sawyer, in the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of California, praying to be admitted to citizenship. His petition was denied, because an examination of our statutes disclosed the fact that they authorized the naturalization only of "white persons" and of persons of the African race—the extremes of color—and thus excluded all races of an intermediate hue, whether American red, Malayan brown, or Mongolian yellow. It further appeared that this state of the law was not the result of accident, but of design, and that the sweeping denial of change of allegiance, so far as we were able to deny it, to a large part of the people of the globe, was deliberately inserted only two years after the blast of 1868. Nor did we stop here. As some of our courts, either from ignorance of the law or from color blindness, did not observe the limitations of the statute, which still exist, Congress in 1882 enacted that no Chinese person should be naturalized, and thus specifically excluded that race from the enjoyment in the United States of the right of expatriation—that "natural and inherent right of all people."

Having denied the right of expatriation in respect to change of allegiance, by refusing citizenship to races neither white nor black, and to Chinese in particular, we have as completely denied it in its other aspect—that of change of home. Omitting from further consideration the contract-labor law, it is obvious that the whole course of our legislation in respect to the Chinese since 1880, including statutes passed in accordance with treaties as well as those enacted in violation of them, has involved an absolute denial of the right of expatriation as promulgated in the act of 1868. Adopting the disposition and ability to work with the hands as the rule of our proscription, we have not only forbidden Chinese laborers to come to us, but we have asked their Government to coöperate with us in keeping them at home.

As it appears that the act of 1868 was long ago implicitly repealed by inconsistent legislation, and as its principles are daily repudiated by us in practice, ought not our Government, in a spirit of fairness and of decent self-respect, to cease to hold it up as a reproof and a threat to other powers?

THE ACTUAL COLLEGE YEAR.

ONE of the first lessons forced home upon the student of government and social institutions is the need of going behind written constitutions and declarations to arrive at actual practice. The Constitution of the United States would be a blind guide to any foreigner who should undertake to derive from it the real place and functions of Presidential electors. Churches have their formal charters and laws, their provisions for worship and administration; yet how much of the vital life of a modern church is not written down in any of these formularies! Nowhere can one find described in ecclesiastical canons the sewing societies and receptions and

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sociables and amateur theatricals and young people's meetings and excursions and picnics and Christmas festivals which make up so large a part of the actual life of a church at the present. It is necessary to go back of anything you can find put down in books and get at the real mental attitude of real church people, before you can understand how much of the attraction of the church for them lies in such things as have been mentioned.

The same principle holds of the life of a college. You will not find it, or, at least, cannot be at all sure you have found it, in the college catalogues and reports of trustees or examining boards. There you may indeed get the theory, but the practice you must look for in the ideas and ideals of the young men actually in the college or looking forward to being in it. The undergraduate college paper is a far better witness to summon than the college catalogue. The staple talk of college students in their rooms and in public places and at their homes, the pictures they hang on their walls, the ambitions with which boys in preparatory schools anticipate entrance upon their college course, the real heroes of college life, the predominant interests which student correspondents of newspapers show they think the public most associate with colleges—all these sorts of evidence are of far greater weight in settling the real order of importance of the various phenomena of college life than any catalogue or report that was ever printed.

Now what, we ask, would any unprejudiced inquirer, making use of those classes of evidence, conclude to be the greater, and what the lesser, events in the modern college year? We think it to be beyond question that he would find athletic days to be the great and high days of the year, and that the average college student of the present day would graduate the attractions of his scholastic year something as follows: (1) Football, (2) baseball, (3) track athletics, (4) rowing, (5) tennis, (6) secret societies, (7) junior exhibition, (8) class-day, (9) library and reading-room, (10) "getting through" and taking his degree, (11) possibility of coming back as graduate "coach" to one of the teams.

The public has now a pretty fair inkling of the predominance of athletics in colleges, but a full perception of the truth can be had only by one actually on the inside. What the public sees is the few great spectacular games, but it knows little or nothing of the long preparation for them going on through months, or of the absorption of undergraduate attention in them both before and after the event. Football has been well in evidence for two months past, and everybody has seen how impossible it was for the members of the principal teams to give thought to anything but the game. We have perfectly authentic evidence that one Yale player, from the opening of the term late in September up to Thanksgiving, could give no more than an hour a day to his studies, after attending to his main duty of training and practising. And it should be understood that this thing is no longer confined to the fall months. Capt. Waters had the brilliant idea of starting the Harvard team training last June; and he had the men at Bar Harbor and Sorrento and elsewhere. Of course, Capt. Hinkey and Capt. Trenchard could not see themselves handicapped in that way, and they, too, called their men to various retired places and put them at work at intervals through the summer. Logically, there is no room for stopping at any time, and, if the thing keeps on, the team will not go "out of training" at all, but will begin immediately after the Thanksgiving game to make a new start for glory.

Even without this the college in winter is a vast camp of men "in training" for something. The crew are hard at work at the weights and on the "tank." The candidates for the nine are to be seen at all hours in the "cage." The aspirants for the Mott Haven games are getting up their wind and their muscle night and day. It is actually a fact that a student who is not "in training" for some athletic contest, unless plainly disabled physically, feels called upon to make an apology for proposing to do nothing for the honor of his class or college.

Before any objector charges this account with exaggeration, let him note that we predicate it only of the average student. We know that there are many exceptions, and that the professors and writers and successful professional men of the future are in college for study just as their fathers were before them. But we also know that the scholastic ideal now gives the first place to the athletic ideal, that the true college hero of the present, in college and out, is the college athlete. We do not know, but we fear, that college faculties are not acting up to their convictions in the matter of regulating athletics—that they make the rivalry of colleges an excuse for not doing what they really believe ought to be done. What is certain is, that, against their convictions or with them, the historic and rational idea of an educational institution has been turned upside down.

SARDOU'S "MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

PARIS, November 27, 1893.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU may be called the most fortunate of our modern dramatists. He abandons all pretensions to the dignity of a moralist; he does not profess to give us lessons or to analyze human passions; he does not even say, "Castigo ridendo mores." He does not, above all, belong to the gloomy psychological school, which delights in exposing the worst parts of human nature. I speak not of his earliest and lightest works, some of which were not devoid of a slight moralizing tendency. In his later years, Sardou has adopted a theatrical form which consists in making of a very simple and sometimes almost commonplace drama the pretext for the reconstitution of a period, of a society, of what Taine would have called a *milieu*. In "Patrie" this tendency began to appear, but the drama still has some importance; we are taken to the Low Countries and participate in the struggle of oppressors and oppressed. Since "Patrie," Sardou has given less importance to the dramatic part of his works and more and more importance to what I must call the operatic or picturesque part. To this end he has become a passionate collector of engravings, of *bibelots*, of old costumes, old furniture, tapestries, arms, etc. The collector has conquered the dramatist; the *milieu* has become the chief preoccupation of the writer. His *dramatis personæ* are hardly ever left to themselves: they move, and move rapidly, surrounded by a multitude of men. In "Theodora" we are taken to the circus; in "Cleopatra" we see numberless Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians; the "Tosca" belongs to the same order of operatic dramas; "Thermidor," which was played only a few times in Paris, gave us all the tumult of the great Revolution.

Sardou is very quick at following the popular taste or even fancy; he gave us "Rabagas," one of his best pieces, at the moment of the reaction against Gambetta and his friends, immediately after the war of 1870. The present current of literature is directed towards the Napoleonic period. I have dwelt several times on this curious tendency, which has been clearly marked since the publication of the memoirs of Marbot. The furniture of the Empire, which has been so long despised, is now coming out of its hiding-places, and you can see it in the shop-windows of the dealers in "antiquities." The dressmakers are returning more or less boldly to the fashions of the Empire. Sardou, who is very barometrical, rightly judged that the time had come for a thorough reconstitution on the stage of the imperial period. He had collected all his documents, and in his case the documents are chiefly costumes, ornaments, uniforms, pieces of furniture; the principal part of the work was done, for the drama proper was only an easy and secondary part.

Having made up his mind to sacrifice the pleasures of the mind to the pleasure of the eyes, Sardou always looks for a very attractive centrepiece for his dramas, which are, so to speak, operas without music. He must have what is called in the theatrical world a star; a renowned actress, be she renowned for her beauty, her grace, or her originality, is a necessity to him, especially as his dramas have become an article of export, and, after having been played in France, are to make a journey round the world. In "Patrie" Sardou, in order to introduce a very handsome actress, created a part which was entirely out of harmony with the spirit of his drama; many of his later dramas have been written in order to give full scope to Sarah Bernhardt. This famous actress has been able to show the most astounding costumes, to vary *ad infinitum* her graceful and serpentine attitudes; she likes to die on the stage, and she has invented I don't know how many different ways of dying. Her silvery voice is, to be sure, sometimes lost in the tumult of Sardou's dramas; we lose the delicate pleasure which Sarah once gave us when she was contented to recite the poetic and pure

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verses of Racine on the severe stage of the French Theatre; but the public of the Porte-Saint-Martin and of the theatres of the boulevard does not care so much for delicate and refined poetry as for melodramatic effects. The elastic genius of Sarah Bernhardt can accommodate itself to all necessities. She can be *Andromaque*, she can be *Cleopatra* or *Theodora*.

"Thermidor" and "Madame Sans-Gêne" bring us so near our own time that people have asked themselves how far it was permissible to put on the stage historical personages such as Napoleon, Maria Louisa, the marshals of the Empire. Napoleon, to be sure, has been a hundred times put on the stage, but it has generally been in great military spectacles; he has appeared as the Napoleon of the bridge of Arcole, of Austerlitz, sometimes of St. Helena, as the Napoleon of the legend. Sardou shows (or attempts to show) us in "Madame Sans-Gêne" a real Napoleon, a "Napoléon intime," on seeing whom we cannot help thinking of all the private memoirs which have been published about him, not excepting the late volume of M. Frédéric Masson, which bears the title of "Napoléon et les Femmes," and which tells us with the most minute details all the love affairs of the great man. We have had the 'Napoléon Intime' of M. Lévy, we have the "Napoléon Amoureux" of M. Masson. But what we can very well bear in a book we cannot bear so well on the stage. There will always be something incongruous in a theatrical Napoleon behaving like the vulgar hero of a vaudeville; a "Napoleon Flirting" is a little too much for our patience, even if he flirts with such an admirable actress as Réjane, who plays with so much wit the amusing part of the *Maréchale Lefebvre*.

"Madame Sans-Gêne" might be called "Napoleon Jealous." The flirtation with the Maréchale Lefebvre takes but a moment, but Napoleon's jealousy with regard to Maria Louisa fills the whole drama. He is represented to be jealous of Neipperg, an Austrian, half diplomat and half soldier. We see this Neipperg in the prologue (which is, in fact, a first act) escaping from the Tuileries, which have been invaded by the mob. Neipperg is wounded and takes refuge in the shop of a washerwoman (Réjane) who is washing her linen while the patriots are making a revolution in the neighborhood. Cannon are heard all the time; she cares only for her lover, a sergeant, who is a great patriot. The sergeant arrives with his friends; he is Lefebvre, the future marshal of Napoleon. She has hidden the wounded Austrian in her own bedroom, and then ensues one of those pretty scenes in which Sardou delights and in which he can exhibit all his adroitness. Lefebvre becomes suspicious; he sees his mistress is uneasy, and thinks at first that he has a rival. He insists on entering the bedroom; he threatens to take the key from her by force. She tells him that if he does she will never see him again. He will listen to nothing; he takes the key, enters the room, and comes out, saying, "He is dead." She knows the contrary; she understands that Lefebvre has become her accomplice and means to help in saving the wounded Austrian. Her anger and indignation melt at once into love; she throws herself into his arms, she will become Mme. Lefebvre.

All this consumes very little time, but the emotion is intense, and the way Réjane plays this scene is simply admirable. In the second act the sergeant has become a marshal of France; the washerwoman, who has made herself a vivandière in order to follow him, and who has passed through a few campaigns, has become the Duchess of Dantzig. She washed in old times the linen of a young officer called Napoleon, and he still owes her sixty francs, which he was unable to pay. This impecunious officer, who lived in the sixth story, has become Emperor of France. We see him in his well-known uniform, in his cabinet in the Tuileries; and we see in turn Fouché, Savary, the Duc de Rovigo; we see his chamberlains, Duroc, Lauriston; we see his valet, Constant; his Mameluke, brought from Egypt; we see his sisters, Queen Caroline, Princess Eliza, with their ladies in waiting, and the ladies of the Empress, Mme. Vintimille, Mme. de Canisy, Mme. de Talhouët, Mme. de Bassano, Mme. de Mortemart, Mme. de Brignolles, Mme. de Bellune, etc.; Maria Louisa does not appear in person, she is only heard for a moment in an adjoining room. It is difficult to imagine a finer show of uniforms and of gowns in the style of the First Empire—a style evidently derived from the school of David and from imitation of the antique. The long gowns with their trains are an exaggeration of the tunics worn by the Romans and the Greeks; the arms are bare, and so are the shoulders; the hair is in disorderly curls, *à la grecque*. The uniforms of the *grande armée* are very gorgeous. Sardou has obtained what he delights in, an absolute reproduction not only of the dresses of the Empire, but of the furniture, the silks, the curtains, the bronzes; the illusion is complete. You might really think yourself at the Tuileries in 1809.

The Maréchale Lefebvre has modified her dress, is as gaudily dressed as the princesses, but she has remained exactly what she was before the Revolution; she has taken dancing lessons, but she does not know how to spell, and writes with difficulty; her vocabulary is unaltered; she has still "le cœur sur la main." She adores her Lefebvre, and he adores her, for she is a brave, courageous, faithful woman. The ladies of the court, and the princesses, think she is not fit to associate with them, and they try to persuade the Emperor that Lefebvre ought to divorce her. The Maréchale goes to the Emperor, and their conversation is one of the best scenes in the play. The Emperor recognizes in her his washerwoman of old times; she makes him laugh by telling him about the unpaid bill. "How much do I owe you?" he asks. "Three napoleons." And now again he finds that he must remain her debtor. When his sisters come to him, he takes the part of the Maréchale against them; they have a fine quarrel, and they become so excited in the end that they all three talk Corsican.

The great defect of the play is the Neipperg incident. It is very melodramatic and absurd. Neipperg is supposed to be in love with Maria Louisa, and is found in the Tuileries in the middle of the night. The real truth is, that Neipperg never saw Maria Louisa before 1814, when he took her, by Metternich's order, from Aix-les-Bains to her principality of Parma. He became her morganatic husband at Parma, after the death of Napoleon. He was handsome, though he had lost an eye in the wars, but he had nothing in him of the hero of a novel or a drama.

Correspondence.

GATE-MONEY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have probably dwelt upon the rough and brutal aspects of football as much as you care to in the columns of the *Nation*. The "gate-receipts" phase of the large games you have also condemned several times. In connection with the latter, however, I wish to voice the protests of a number of Harvard and Yale men with whom I have talked about the matter to-day—protests which are specially relevant since the report of the treasurer in charge of the Yale-Princeton game was published only day before yesterday, on which day also a report of extravagance among the Harvard coaches was printed.

It is unfortunately true that financial demoralization is the concomitant these years of the large football games. The large amounts of money which are the share of the three larger colleges as the result of a big game encourages wild extravagance in the management of the team. As an example may be cited the bill for $1,575 for the new leather suits of the Harvard eleven, suits which irresponsible coaches whimsically ordered, and which the manager himself refused to pay for. It is, further, an outrage that $2.50 or $2—to say nothing of speculator's prices—should be charged for tickets to a game. Tickets to the big games were formerly 50 cents and $1. The price was raised upon the suggestion of grounds managers, who plausibly urged, "You can get more; why not charge it?" I have it on excellent authority that next year the management of the Yale-Princeton game purposes charging $3 for the best seats, simply "because they can get it."

A halt should be called. Not more than one dollar should be charged for the best seats, "a tariff for revenue only." Games should be played on home grounds, or at the most in small cities. If football were to be thus purified financially, and as a game be pruned of its savagery, conservative men and women, as well as self-respecting young men and girls, could enjoy the sport heartily and without fault-finding.—Very respectfully,

COLLEGIAN.

New York, December 9, 1893.

[The root of these evils lies in the toleration of intercollegiate contests. Rowdyism, brutality, betting, extravagance, will all be reduced to a minimum the moment athletic sports are confined to the college grounds, where they can be effectively supervised and controlled by the faculty, and to the students of the college itself. More slowly will disappear the bitter animosities engendered by the present rivalry, so detrimental to the cause of learning and of letters. Any other remedy is a mere makeshift.—Ed. Nation.]

THE DUTY ON PIG-IRON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 30 occurs the following:

"Any duty at all upon pig-iron is now prohibitory. The price of the cheapest grade in England is now $8.01 per ton. A better brand of pig-iron is selling in Alabama to-day at $7.25 per ton, etc. Nevertheless, the bill retains a duty of 22½ per cent. on pig-iron."

Starting with your price of $8.01 for English iron, adding the duty (22½ per cent.) of $1.80, and freight of 25 cents per ton from Liverpool or Glasgow to New York, the cost in New York becomes $10.06 per ton. Landing the Alabama iron by rail and water at a cost of $4.01 at New York, your price of $7.25 becomes $11.26, or

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$1.20 in favor of the English iron. If you thus bring the Alabama furnaces into direct competition with the English furnaces, what does it profit Alabama? Or what does it profit Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York, whose iron costs them to make 50 per cent. more than your Alabama quotation?

Of course I am aware that were any business of consequence done, the ocean freight rate would advance, as would the foreign price and the duty. I am stating only the conditions of to-day, using your initial figures of price.

Yours truly, C. L. P.

BOSTON, December 4, 1893.

[It may be true that some Middlesbrough pig (the kind quoted at $8.01) would be imported along the coast if the duty were entirely removed, but it could not go far into the interior. We learn by inquiry among shipping men in New York that the usual freight charge from Middlesbrough shipping points is 7s. 6d. to 10s., although Liverpool and Glasgow freights are cheaper—Glasgow being quoted at 2s. to 4s. and Liverpool at 3s. to 6s. To the freight charge must be added insurance and commissions, the latter being at least 50 cents per ton. Adding the lowest Middlesbrough freight charge and the commission charge to the $8.01, we have $10.31 as the cost of the iron landed here without duty. If a duty of 22½ per cent. is added, the cost comes up to $12.11, which is more than the cost of Alabama iron laid down in New York, as computed by "C. L. P."—ED. NATION.]

A FRENCH VIEW OF FRANKLIN AS A DIPLOMATIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The allusion to Benjamin Franklin, made in your last number by your Italian correspondent, brought to my mind a very racy French estimate of our philosopher's work at Paris by Maxime de la Rocheterie in his 'Histoire de Marie-Antoinette.' It differs just enough from our current impressions to be very interesting. It would take a more skilful hand than mine to translate it without spoiling it, so I send a literal transcription of it.

Yours very respectfully,

S. N.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6, 1893.

"Faux bonhomme, cachant, sous une apparence de simplicité alors à la mode, un esprit plein de finesse; affectant des airs de rondeur et d'indépendance qui séduisaient par leur contraste même avec les formules solennelles de l'étiquette; ayant la patience et le flegme des races anglo-saxonnes; sachant attendre sans se presser, mais aussi sans jamais se décourager ni perdre de vue le but qu'il se proposait, Franklin, par ses qualités comme par ses défauts, devait plaire à une nation qui se paye de mots, se leurre d'apparences, s'engoue volontiers pour les étrangers et s'enthousiasme facilement pour des innovations.

"Il comprit vite que le vrai souverain de la France, à ce moment, n'était ni le Roi, ni la Reine, ni le ministère, mais l'opinion, et c'est sur l'opinion qu'il résolut d'agir. Tout chez lui fut donné à l'apparence. Sans préjugés qui le gênassent, allant à la messe quoique protestant, faisant l'éloge des rois quoique républicain, courtisant à la fois son curé et Voltaire, offrant le pain bénit au premier, sollicitant la bénédiction du second pour son petit-fils . . .; flattant les evêques et les francs-maçons, les salons et les loges, les hommes de lettres et les hommes d'affaires, les philosophes et les jolies femmes, qui l'embrassaient malgré ses lunettes; frondant les usages reçus pour mieux se faire remarquer, paraissant au théâtre avec un habit de drap brun uni et des cheveux plats au milieu des perruques poudrées et des habits brodés; tranquille et inactif en apparence, mais 'employant beaucoup de gens en sous-ordre'; mettant tout en œuvre, les arts, les sciences, les lettres, pour se faire connaître et célébrer, le bonhomme Franklin, comme l'appelaient les uns, le bon et vénérable docteur, comme l'appelaient les autres, ne tarda pas à devenir l'idole, ou, comme il le disait lui-même, 'la poupée,' des Parisiens, en même temps qu'il rendait son pays et sa cause populaires. On ne parlait plus que de l'Amérique, on ne rêvait que des Etats-Unis, on se coiffait aux 'insurgents,' on jouait au 'boston,' on se passionnait pour les idées républicaines et leur représentant."

MR. STILLMAN AND MR. RUSKIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You reviewed, last winter or spring, a book entitled 'The Life and Work of John Ruskin,' which contains an attack on me so malignant in its utter misrepresentations of some personal relations between the great critic and myself that, as they appear to have been written under the shadow of Brantwood, with the range of the family documents and the assistance of the Severns, they seem to be official. I have therefore a right to consider myself absolved from any obligation of silence as to those relations. Those misrepresentations are not merely malignant, but malicious to mendacity, and as they point to matters which have been *res publicæ*, and are still subject of comment, and involve more than my own personal feelings, I beg you to allow me a place in your columns to put them right. I have never said, nor do I mean to be provoked to say, a word in disrespect of Ruskin or derogation of his noble humanitarian passion. I have never written a word against the man, though I consider his art doctrines disastrous; of his honesty and his earnest Christianity, in the truest sense of that word, I have never made a question, and to the vulgarity of Mr. Collingwood's attack on me I have nothing to reply. To Mr. Ruskin's kindness to, and interest in, me I owe the greatest misfortune of my life; besides that, I owe him various kindnesses which I have put in my life's account *per contra*, so that if on the other side of the matter nothing had ever been said, nothing would have been replied on mine.

Some years ago, while I was still in the East, Ruskin wrote a letter in abuse of my Government, in which he said that when it had transferred me from one consulate to another, he had been obliged to furnish me with the means to make the journey. I never saw the letter, and only heard of it long after through an imperfect résumé in an American paper; but that was the substance. It not only was an affront to my Government, but resulted in personal injury to me, as I learned later; but, hearing of it only after all the harm had been done, I kept silence from respect for Ruskin. This last shaft from headquarters deserves a return.

I was invited by Mr. Ruskin to spend the summer with him in Switzerland, because he thought I might be able to realize some of the things he wanted "his young pre-Raphaelites" to do. I believed in his knowledge of art in general, and was grateful for his interest in me, and did my best to conform to his ideas of painting. I had acquired a certain ability in painting from nature, and certain methods which he disapproved, and I tried to reform according to his instruction. I worked too hard, as he always did, and, as he had a way of breaking off abruptly in the midst of a drawing if anything discontented him, I tried to make the most of the time. Our evenings were passed generally in discussions till midnight, and our days in drawing. At Neufchâtel, after nine hours a day of hard drawing, I felt something give way and a cracking behind my eyes, followed by immediate loss of distinct vision. Everything was blurred before my eyes, and I had to give up drawing. A few days' rest seemed to remedy the trouble, and at Laufenburg I got to work again, to be stopped by a worse attack, which this time stayed, and I had to give up work, as the indistinctness returned when I attempted to look closely at anything, and I lost the perception of color, so that I was unable for two years to do any painting of any value. Immediately after I had discovered that I was practically paralyzed in my vision, Ruskin found it necessary to return to England, and left me in Switzerland. I returned to Paris, and from there maintained my old friendly relations with Ruskin, interrupted during the next ten years only by his indignation at the conduct of my Government once or twice. During my prostration and inability to paint, Ruskin had several times written me, with his usual generosity in money matters, that if I had need at any time of money to carry out my plans, to write him, "and not trouble yourself about money matters, but get well—or I shall never have any peace about that Chamounix walk and other such businesses." Later, when I was transferred from Rome to Crete, I wrote him accordingly, asking him, in case I should be in need, to allow me to draw on him for what I might need within the sum of £100, to which he replied by sending me the entire amount. Before receiving it, and being unable to get to my post, Mr. Marsh, our then minister to Italy, had lent me the money, so that in point of fact Mr. Ruskin did not serve my Government, but showed his kindness to me just the same.

I do not know whether the abrupt paralysis of my artistic faculties, due to Mr. Ruskin's taking me under his protection, was a misfortune to anybody but myself, but it is to that, and the long consequent suspension of work, with a chilling of all my enthusiasm and loss of headway at a most critical time in life, compelling me to seek other avocations, that is due my not continuing in the practice of art. I had acquired certain methods of working which Ruskin assured me were all wrong, and this added to my discouragement, for, not knowing that he knew less than myself of technical methods, I had added to my perplexities by adopting those which were purely whimsical and impossible, and altogether I made a complete wreck.

The sin which has called down on me the extinguishing wrath of the author of 'The Life and Work of John Ruskin' and his friends and those of Mr. Ruskin is that, having learned by bitter experience the utter futility of Ruskin's system of art teaching, I ventured to criticise it freely in an article in the *Century*, from which, in the spirit of fanatical insincerity which characterizes the book, the author of it has made some garbled and discolored quotations. I have said nothing against Mr. Ruskin, and perhaps hold as much reverence for the man and his higher mission as Mr. Collingwood—so much, at any rate, that I consider his book a derogation of the teacher; not as teacher of art, but of morality.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN,

ROME, November 21, 1893.

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Notes.

THE New York Shakspere Society purpose issuing, in their "Bankside" style, the Shakspere plays which were rewritten and remodelled by Dryden, Davenant and others in the period of the Restoration. Each play will form one volume, with brief historical prefaces, printed in an edition of 500 copies. Subscriptions may be sent to L. L. Lawrence, P. O. box 423, Westfield, Union County, N. J.

Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossmann is writing some Reminiscences of her father, Mr. Edwin Booth, and begs her father's friends who possess letters from him to send her transcripts of such as they may wish to add to her publication. They should be addressed to Mrs. Ignatius R. Grossmann, 12 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have in press 'Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century,' by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer; 'The Book-Hunter in Paris,' by Octave Uzanne; 'The Spanish Pioneers,' a book for young people, by Charles F. Lummis.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, announce 'The Redemption of the Brahman,' a novel, by Richard Garbe, Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Königsberg, Prussia.

Bishop Polk's biography, by the son of that prelate and Confederate general, will shortly be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

'Mental Development in the Child and the Race,' by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin; 'Pain, Pleasure and Æsthetics,' by Henry R. Marshall; lectures on modern mathematics, by Prof. Felix Klein, of the University of Göttingen; 'Catherine. Furze,' by the author of 'Mark Rutherford'; and 'The King of the Schnorrers, and Other Grotesques,' by Isaac Zangwill, are in the press of Macmillan & Co.

Ginn & Co. will issue in January 'The Contemporary French Writers,' edited and annotated by Rosine Mellé.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, send us an illustrated edition of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' in which the photogravures are wholly of buildings and local scenery in Uffington and Rugby; and there is a portrait of the author by way of frontispiece. The binding is in dark blue cloth with much gilt. Perhaps this array of topographic "documents" is better fitted for the second than for the first reading of Mr. Hughes's story.

'Cathedrals of England' (T. Whittaker) is a collection of seven essays, on Westminster Abbey and half-a-dozen of the English cathedrals, each paper written by a canon or other dignitary of the church he describes—or, rather, illustrates, for there is little real description of the buildings in the essays. They are made up rather of such fragments of history, antiquarianism, and occasional criticism or description, as would naturally fall from any of their scholarly writers in a walk about the churches. Archdeacon Farrar, whose name alone appears on the title-page, leads the book with the longest paper, on Westminster Abbey, which is like the talk of a cultivated and instructed cicerone: the other papers are more or less in the same vein. The book contrasts, therefore, with Mrs. Van Rensselaer's 'English Cathedrals,' being of less importance as a record of the churches and their history; but it has the advantage in its weight of style and in the varying individual tone of the different writers. The illustrations show that they are from divers sources. In this American reprint they have suffered considerably, particularly those from Mr. Herbert Railton's drawings, for to blur the clear accent of his touch is to rob him of his most vital characteristic.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake has added 'Our Colonial Homes' (Boston: Lee & Shepard) to the several books of antiquarian study by which he has been known. It includes a score of papers about old buildings in various parts of New England, which are described in his lively fashion, with all the zeal of the antiquary, and with abundance of collateral gossip. Most of the papers are reprinted from *Appletons' Journal:* they are set off with handsome letterpress and with good half-tone prints, albeit these have been spruced up for the service with brushwork which does not always improve their effect, though, in a way, it increases their brilliancy.

'A Gentleman of France,' by Stanley J. Weyman (Longmans), is a romance after the style of Dumas the elder, and well worthy of being read by those who can enjoy stirring adventures told in true romantic fashion. The time is the close of the civil and religious wars in the sixteenth century; the subject, the carrying off, for political purposes, of a very charming young lady by a graybeard of forty, who falls in love with her. The great personages of the time—Henry III. of Valois, Henry IV., Rosny, Rambouillet, Turenne—are brought in skilfully, and the tragic and varied history of the time forms a splendid frame in which to set the picture of Mersac's love and courage. The story rattles along bravely, notwithstanding occasional dull bits and weak points; the troublous days are well described and the interest is genuine and lasting, for up to the very end the author manages effects which impel the reader to go on with renewed curiosity.

The translation of Dumas the elder's 'Olympe de Clèves' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), in two volumes, is a very good translation in which the spirit of the original is well preserved. But are not the publishers in error when they claim that this is the first English version of the novel? In 1864 Brady of New York brought out a translation under the title of 'Olympia of Cleves,' and possibly there may be still another, for Dumas's romances have been as popular abroad as in France.

A fine edition of 'The Heptameron of the Tales of Margaret of Navarre,' newly and admirably translated into English, has been printed in London for the Society of English Bibliophilists. The text used is that edited by Le Roux de Lincy. Mr. George Saintsbury has contributed an erudite essay upon the 'Heptameron,' which, although interesting, is heavy and even somewhat labored. His conclusion, after a repeated and careful study of the book, is that the setting is almost wholly Margaret's work, and that other authors had a hand in the stories, or in some of them at least. And it seems to him that "the secret of the Heptameron," that which distinguishes it from other similar works, is "the fear of God, the sense of death, the voluptuous longing and voluptuous regret for the good things of life and love that pass away." Besides this essay there is prefixed a Life of Margaret, well written, and appended are the prefaces of the earlier French versions, a complete bibliographical summary of the various editions, the notes of the best French commentators, and a digest of the principal suggestions offered for the identification of the characters in the book with well-known persons of the Queen's day. The full-page illustrations, which are numerous, are printed from the plates engraved by Longueil, Halbon, and others from Freudenberg's designs, made originally for the famous Berne edition of 1778-81. The Clouet drawing in the Bibliothèque Nationale has been reproduced as the portrait frontispiece. The five octavo volumes are turned out in perfect fashion.

Mr. J. B. Bury's 'History of the Roman Empire,' from its foundation to the death of Nero, is the latest volume in the well-known Students' Series (London: Murray; New York: Harper & Bros.). Well informed as our students generally are about the Republic, the Empire is a period of which they are apt to know very little with any exactness, and this work is therefore welcome. Though it is evidently written chiefly from the ancient sources themselves, yet Mr. Bury has made the best use of the writings of Mommsen and Herzog, as well as of numerous monographs, and the result is a book brief indeed, but attractively written and certain to be useful. The exposition of the latest views about the development of the imperial constitution and the succinct account of the administration of the provinces may be particularly commended. Besides the political and literary history of the times, there are good biographies of the leading figures; and the subjects of private antiquities and religion, including the growth of Christianity, are not neglected. There are several maps and about seventy-five illustrations, both photogravures and woodcuts. The former are well executed; the latter are most of them old cuts already used in well-known books, uninteresting, and of little or no artistic value. Worse than this, many of the so-called portraits are unauthentic. All the illustrations have lately been the subject of well-deserved and searching criticism in the *Classical Review*, and the majority of them are certainly discreditable to the author of the book and to the two great houses which have published it.

By far the most interesting and important of the illustrations in the *American Annual of Photography* for 1894 (Scovill & Adams Co.) is the stuffed bird, a poll parrot, printed in three colors by Mr. Kurtz's Coloritype Co. We will not undertake to say how many impressions would be required by the methods heretofore in vogue, but the difference in cost must be very great. Strange to say, this outgrowth of "process," which promises an undreamt-of popularization of color work in the highest as well as the humblest walks of art, is undescribed in the *Annual*, or at least we can discover nothing on the subject in the very primitive index. For the rest the volume contains the customary articles from a wide circle of amateur and professional photographers, beginning with a brief account, with portrait, of Johann Heinrich Schultze, "the Columbus of Photography." There are the usual lists of American and foreign photographic societies, with their officers, and of hotels having dark-rooms for the convenience of tourist photographers.

Robida's etchings detract from the general daintiness of the *Book-Lover's Almanac* for 1894 (New York: Duprat & Co.), nor are the other illustrations an advantage to the pretty presswork with variegated borders. We remark an account of William Bradford, New York's first printer, and a contribution in French from Octave Uzanne, who is very flattering to New Yorkers in the matter of private libraries. To Chantilly, London, New York, he says, for the richest collections.

The first volume of *Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine* (Salem, Mass.: Eben Putnam) lies before us. Apart from the notices of Gen. Israel Putnam and Gen. Rufus Putnam,

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the matter of most current and permanent interest is the New England pedigree of President Cleveland exhibited in six charts with annotations, but upon this we have already commented on its first appearance. No one medium of publication seems to satisfy the New England genealogical curiosity.

Around the World, the new monthly just founded by the Contemporary Publishing Co. of Philadelphia, and edited by Prof. Angelo Heilprin, has in it the promise of a very useful popular magazine scientifically conducted. It aims to keep its readers abreast of the latest tours, travels, and explorations, supplying "an analysis of the progress of research in all departments touching the physical history of the earth and of its productions," and reviews of geographical literature. Prof. Heilprin's taste goes hand in hand with his solid learning to produce a very handsome journal with charming illustrations. The price is very moderate.

The last number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* opens with an attempt to solve some of the problems connected with the geological history of Celebes by an examination of its lakes. This is followed by a similar examination of the plain lying to the east of the Sierra de Cordova in the Argentine Republic. Among the other articles are the first of a series of papers on the regions under German protection, beginning with an account of the Marshall Islands, a discussion of the variations of longitude through the periodic movements of the poles, and the distribution of heat over the earth's surface.

In late numbers of the *Historical Magazine* of the Imperial University of Japan, besides articles of local and national interest, there is an interesting paper on the *soroban*, or abacus, showing its comparatively late introduction among the Japanese. In the summer of 1612 a Chinese came to Nagasaki with one of these handy calculating-machines, then in use from Moscow to Nanking. An officer named Shobei Kataoka, attendant upon the *bunio*, or governor of Nagasaki, requested the loan of the mathematical machine, and, after learning how to use it, made a copy. This identical original copy and first Japanese abacus was on exhibition in Tokyo at the recent second National Exposition, confirming by visible proof and contemporaneous documentary evidence the ordinary accounts in the popular histories and the annals of the Kataoka family. The original Japanese maker, on going to Yedo, showed the instrument to the Shogun's Government, and explained its great value. Besides ordering a number for the Bureau of Accounts in the Treasury Department, the Shogunate, after examination and approval, issued seals patent, and the public were allowed to buy it. Its use soon became general. With it one can quickly add, subtract, multiply, divide, extract square and cube-roots, and work decimals and fractions. A valuable paper on the philosophy of the soroban, by Cargill G. Knott, formerly chief constructive engineer of the imperial railway system, is contained in the Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Japan, volume xiv.

The catalogue of the library of the late Dr. Döllinger, the completion of which has been so long delayed, is now published under the title of 'Bibliotheca Döllingeriana.' It is a stately volume of 672 pages, containing 18,495 numbers, and costs ten marks ($2.50). Offers for the purchase of the library as a whole will be received until June 1, 1894; if none of them are satisfactory, it may then be divided and sold at auction. Further information can be obtained from the "Verwalter der Döllinger-Stiftung der Universität," Munich, Germany. Breviaries and prayer-books are excluded from the catalogue, with the exception of two (Nos. 383 and 384), which are interesting and valuable from a bibliographical point of view. We may add that this noteworthy collection of books shows marked deficiencies in some departments, owing to the fact that Dr. Döllinger had the Library of the University as well as the magnificent State Library of Munich at his disposal.

The literary and artistic collections of the eminent Austrian encyclopædist, Dr. Constantin Ritter von Wurzbach-Tannenberg, who died at his villa in Berchtesgaden, August 18, 1893, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, have been secured by the Vienna City Museum, where they have been placed in a distinct compartment bearing the name and adorned with a bust of the deceased. About a year ago we called attention to the proposed sale of these choice and really unique collections, and it is to be regretted that they were not purchased by some institution in the United States. The library is not very large (6,500 volumes), but is very valuable, and among the 50,000 portraits of distinguished persons, consisting of copper-plates, steel engravings, woodcuts, etchings, etc., are many exceedingly rare prints. The municipal council of Vienna has also named one of the streets of that city Wurzbach Strasse.

With the death of Dr. Julius Froebel at Zurich, Switzerland, on November 6, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, a remarkable man has passed away, whose scientific attainments won the respect and friendship of Alexander von Humboldt, and who played an important part in the political history of Germany before and during the Revolution of 1848, and exerted no small influence upon the course of events which led to the reconstitution of his fatherland in 1866 and the final founding of the Empire in 1870. The two volumes of his autobiography were reviewed in these columns soon after their publication in 1890 and 1891. He was a man of the strictest integrity and sterling merit, and might have died a millionaire if he had used the opportunities for accumulating wealth which were opened to him and fairly thrust upon him during his connection with the Austrian Government from 1862 to 1865.

—The fortunes and character of Montrose are of perennial interest to all good Scots. Yet the "Commentary" concerning his "Deeds," by his friend and chaplain, Wishart—a book which probably did more than any other save the 'Eikon Basilike' to win sympathy in Europe for the royalist cause—has not been printed in an English translation since 1819, and the Latin original has never been reissued at all since 1649. The new translation (followed by the text) which has just been prepared by Messrs. Murdoch and Simpson ('Deeds of Montrose,' Longmans), ought to be welcome; the more so as it is accompanied by the text and a translation of a "second part," or continuation, telling the story of Montrose's tragic end, which has apparently never before seen the light. The editors have added a wealth of notes which make the volume a very storehouse of historical detail, especially of that personal and genealogical sort so dear to the Scottish antiquary. They have also obtained and printed a number of documents from the Danish and Swedish archives, which add to our knowledge of Montrose's wanderings immediately before his last ill-fated attempt. The book is somewhat too ponderous and sumptuous for the shelves of the ordinary historical student, unless he is giving special attention to this particular theme; but every great library and every Scot of means ought to secure a copy.

—London's latest literary excitement has been Paul Verlaine's lecture on "Contemporary French Poetry." It virtually resolved itself into a reading from 'Sagesse' and 'Romances sans Paroles.' In M. Verlaine's estimation, apparently, contemporary French poetry begins and ends with his own. In the few words with which the reading was preluded, he referred to De Musset, to Baudelaire, to Mallarmé, to Merrill, to *les Jeunes*. But, so far as can be gathered, with this reference he was content. He was more concerned to set forth his theory, to repeat that which he has said before in his poems: The poet should *live;* he should be sincere. "*L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même.*" And then, at once, he passed on to the reading of proofs of his own sincerity, of his own truth to himself. About the wilder period of his career, that period when he plunged into what—as he expressed it—the church calls sin, the world debauchery, he held his peace. 'Parallèlement,' its record, he never opened. But the emotions of the years that followed, years when he wore his robe of penitence, found expression in some of the most exquisite religious poems in the little volume 'Sagesse,' the cry of repentance which he sent to the world from his monastery in Picardy. It is worth adding that he drew, for London, a small audience, but still, one large enough to repay him for his visit, the tickets selling for a high price. He has lectured before, as he reminded his listeners—in Belgium, in Nancy, in Metz, his birthplace. A couple of years ago a benefit was given him in a Paris theatre, and "tout Paris" crowded to it; twenty francs, however, was all it represented for him. London has proved more profitable, as it probably did in the days of his first visit, some twenty years since, when he played the incongruous part of teacher. It would seem impertinent to dwell on this side of his latest venture, were not his poverty a fact impossible to forget; he himself, with his inveterate tendency to autobiography, not having hesitated to help make it conspicuous. Invalid as he now is, it is a pleasure to know that something has been done to add to his comfort.

—Early in the year we directed attention to the speculations of Mr. Charles Johnston on the multifarious inhabitants of India, as discriminated by color. These speculations he has continued to prosecute in the last issue of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, to which he contributes a well-written article entitled "The Red Rajputs." In sequence to every scientific ethnologist, he dismisses, as being altogether without even shadow of foundation, Colonel Tod's idea that this race is Scythian by derivation. In general physical features, and more especially in point of stature and color, not to speak of customs and habits, as he goes on to particularize, the Rajputs differ from any other of the various tribes scattered over Hindustan. Yet their color, though in all cases sufficiently marked to distinguish them, is not uniform, but varies, as we are told on the best authority, from light red, or almost orange, to dusky reddish or reddish brown. In fact, a Rajput is, to the eye, in many respects very like one of our own red men, whose hue is much more coppery in some cases than it is in others. And, according to Sanskrit literature, a complexion styled *rakta* or *lohita*, "red," was one of the differential peculiarities of a highly important division of the Hindus of

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olden times. Dependent on the statements premised is Mr. Johnston's contention for the identity of the Rajputs with the Kshattriyas, or Râjanyas, the second of the four ancient Hindu classes, that to which, it is noteworthy, belonged the founder of Buddhism. Not only for venerableness of ancestry is the Kshattriya quite on a level with the Brahman, but, as indicating his status at one time in the distant past, a remarkable passage in a work of indisputably considerable antiquity, one of the Upanishads, speaks of the latter as sitting at the feet of the former. Whether the actual representatives of the primeval Kshattriyas are "Aryans," is a question which the essayist contents himself with admitting to be insusceptible of present solution. The term *ârya* is often found applied to the royal or martial caste; and he endorses the supposition of recent investigators, that it may have a wider denotation than that which was long attached to it. Mr. Johnston's conclusion that the Rajputs are descended from a race wholly distinct from the Brahmans will doubtless provoke discussion.

—An esteemed correspondent who found himself in disagreement with our review of Naomi Tamura's 'Japanese Bride' last April, calls our attention to the fact that the reverend author was reprimanded "for having falsely slandered his countrymen" in the book just named, by "the local synod of the Church of Christ in Japan," held at the Shiba Church, Tokyo, October 3-7. Further, that, pending Mr. Tamura's appeal to the General Conference, which meets in July, 1894, his appeal to the central church body at Kyoto has resulted in the confirmation of the local body's action. And finally, that the Japanese press censor has just suppressed the translation into Japanese. We have not overlooked these proceedings. In spite of the heat of the prosecution, the vote was a tie, and the reprimand was carried only by the casting vote of the moderator. Mr. Tamura alleged in his own behalf that his American literary advisers exposed him to misconception by striking out from his MS. the oft-recurring phrases, "in old Japan," "in old time," "under the feudal system," as repetitious and wearisome. We are not concerned with this defence or with Mr. Tamura's character, since our judgment of his book was based upon its intrinsic merits as tested by our own experience. On its face, we are disposed to regard the incident as a symptom of the present temper of over-sensitive Japan. The press censor who, as late as last year, punished Prof. Kumi for historical criticism, might have been expected to fall foul of a trenchant social criticism like that contained in 'The Japanese Bride.'

—We have received Catalogue No. 2 of Alinari's new photographs, comprising the various works of art in the wide-extended province of Umbria. The reproductions have all been made afresh, for an artistic spirit has found its way even into professional view-taking, and photographers are beginning to realize that the skill required in keeping a building or a piece of sculpture in focus is no less than in making creditable reproductions of pictures. The photographs Alinari Brothers (Florence) now offer, although they remain at the same low price, are indescribably superior in quality to those of a few years ago. The catalogue contains a number of works of primary importance that have never been photographed before, such as the many fine churches and public buildings at Todi, and that gem of Renaissance architecture just outside its walls, the Madonna della Consolazione. The Bramantesque-Cathedral porch, the early Christian basilica, the Romanesque decoration on the portal of S. Pietro, and the so-called "Temple of Clitumnus," all in or near Spoleto, are now to be had in perfect reproductions. Another item of great value in the catalogue is Rocco da Vicenza's sculptured altar at Terni. Much space would be needed to give an adequate idea of the importance of many of the pictures which these new photographs for the first time make accessible to the public. Benozzo Gozzoli can now be appreciated in his first bloom without the long drive and weary climb to Montefalco; a painter like Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, a great figure in Umbrian art, is at last brought within the compass of comparative study; and an adequate notion can now be formed of such interesting but not over-delightful masters as Niccolò Alunno and Lo Spagna without the tedious pilgrimages hitherto required. The Giottos, Simone Martinis, and Lorenzettis at Assisi, the Signorellis at Orvieto, Perugia, and in the upper valley of the Tiber, the Pinturicchios at Spello, and the Peruginos scattered all over Umbria, have been photographed isochromatically, and are to be had even in carbon prints. In short, no work of art of the first importance has been overlooked in this catalogue. It is, however, to be regretted that, while they were in the Cathedral of Gubbio, Messrs. Alinari failed to photograph the finest and most interesting picture it contains, Timoteo Viti's "Magdalen"; and one would like to see the series of Signorellis made complete by the addition of those at Fajano and Umbertide.

—Baroness Jemima von Tautphoeus, author of the popular novels, 'The Initials,' 'Quits,' 'At Odds,' and 'Cyrilla,' died at Munich on November 12, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Her maiden name was Montgomery, and she was of Irish birth, with a strain of Scotch blood in her veins. In 1836 she visited Munich, where she married Baron von Tautphoeus. The fruit of this union was one son, who died some eight years ago as Bavarian ambassador at Rome. The shock occasioned by the sudden death of their only child so affected her husband that he fell into a decline and expired a few weeks later. Baroness von Tautphoeus was a cousin of Maria Edgeworth, and one of the pleasantest and most vivid recollections of her youth was her association with this charming lady and with the versatile and somewhat eccentric Lady Morgan. She was endowed in an eminent degree with the fresh and kindly humor which is the heirloom of her race, and which in her case age could not wither nor the severest blows of fate wholly destroy. It was this genial quality which in her childhood and early maidenhood caused her family and friends to pun on her name and call her "the gem." Her novels, like Jane Austen's, have taken the rank of English classics, and seem to have suffered no diminution in popularity during the forty years that have elapsed since she published her first work of fiction. Edition has succeeded edition with remarkable regularity up to the present time, and only a few weeks before her decease a new German translation of 'Quits' appeared at Weimar, and was warmly greeted by the German press. It is also pleasant to note that she received from the sale of her works in the United States, where there was no legal obligation to pay her anything, a much larger sum than from her London publisher. In her contract with the latter she was far too modest, and consented to accept whatever pittance he chose to offer, so that her pecuniary compensation was very trifling, and bore no proportion to the literary and commercial value of her writings. A like modesty led her persistently to refuse to furnish editors of biographical dictionaries and compilers of cyclopædias with any information concerning her life; to the numerous applications of the kind received she uniformly replied that her place in literature was not sufficiently conspicuous to render personal items of this sort of any interest to the general public. For this reason her name nowhere appears in such books of reference, and not the slightest sketch of her life derived from authentic sources has ever been printed. No urgency on the part of her friends could overcome this native reserve; even her husband knew nothing of her literary work or ever saw her engaged in it, and was as surprised as any stranger would have been when the finished volumes lay on the table before him. After his death she shrank from forming new acquaintances, and confined her social intercourse to a sympathetic circle composed of her nearest kin and a few congenial friends. She now lies at rest by his side in the family vault at their country-seat, Castle Marquardstein, in the Bavarian Highlands.

DODGE'S 'RIDERS OF MANY LANDS.'

Riders of Many Lands. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army. Harper & Bros. 1893.

MR. HOWELLS has recently said in *Scribner's* that the author who is so fortunate as to have his articles gathered together from the numbers of a magazine and made into a book, must expect little pecuniary reward—that he should regard the money it brings him as money found in the road. But this handsome and attractive book, which has made its pilgrimage through *Harper's Magazine*, looks as if it were destined to bring its author substantial returns. It is attractive in its outward form, attractive in its sixty-eight illustrations, ranging from the statue of Alexander the Great by Lysippus to an Hawaiian girl riding astride in her divided skirt; attractive in its subject, which is literally as wide a one as its title indicates, for its discursive comments run from the treatise of Xenophon to the platitudes of an Anglomaniac. It is the work not only of a horse-lover and critical observer, but of an old soldier, and contains no end of odd bits of information, as that, in the Loyal Legion, "whoever refers to politics at a meeting of the commandery is for the first offence fined thirty dollars, and for the second is dismissed the order"; that in Persia a viceroy is appointed with a salary and emoluments of, say, four thousand lashes per annum; that, "after making himself agreeable to his new subjects and getting settled in his duties," he sends word to a rich man of his district that "out of his own loving kindness he awards him two hundred of his four thousand annual lashes"; that St. Paul was mistaken, and if he was not that his translators are, etc., etc.

It is one of those delightful books in a conventional world which one comes upon not once in a decade, wherein the author says just what he pleases and when he pleases and where he pleases. The reader who has a grain of humor in him no bigger than a pinch of snuff will find endless entertainment in it. At page 178, in the midst of a discussion on "the high school of equitation," a paragraph bursts forth with "I once knew a charming old maid in England," and then follows a disqui-

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sition on old maids which many silly young men may read with interest and profit. 'On the next leaf Colonel Dodge tells a story about a well-bred Englishman, a visitor in this country, who was fed by his American cousins "constantly"—we fear that this is an exaggeration—"on that confection yclept Washington pie." One day, after he had been fed too much of the confection, unless, perhaps, it was underdone, he felt uncomfortable. Instead of growling and grumbling, and alluding to the blasted climate, like the proverbial Englishman of fiction, he meekly and quietly remarked: "Doubtless General Washington was a great and good man, but d—— his pie." Then the Colonel has something to say about Browning, and then he goes back to "the high school of equitation" and "delicacy in the use of the legs."

It is just the book for a good, old-fashioned *London Quarterly* criticism of an American book. When we reflect what delicious mincemeat it would have made in the hands of a British critic fifty years ago, it seems a book born out of due season. It is of the sort in which you can never find something you want where you expect to find it, and in which you unexpectedly come upon it the moment you have stopped looking for it. Of course there is neither index, nor table of contents, nor explanatory note, nor preface—the nominal preface is not about the book, but about the author and an old Yankee who read Webster's Unabridged through from beginning to end. Col. Dodge frequently refers to Col. Dodge: "Dodge" tells us this and "Col. Dodge" records that. The reviewer of course knows that he is citing that remarkable and not half appreciated book, 'Forty Years on the Plains'; but a reader who has not met with that most instructive and interesting study of Western barbaric life must wonder why our Col. Dodge speaks of himself sometimes in the first person and sometimes in the third, unless his eye has noted in the middle of a page the unexpected declaration: "When I refer to Dodge I mean Colonel Richard Irving Dodge of the Army."

A person "well up" in the matters discussed will gather new facts and ideas and suggestions, and will have little difficulty in deducing the real views of the impulsive author. But a youth going to the book for practical information on a given topic must be a good deal mystified as to what *our* Colonel Dodge really does think about it. The explanation is that he consistently says what he thinks, when he thinks it. Thus, at pp. 24, 51, 52, he thinks that the Indian is a brute, "a lazy brute," "a brute pure and simple who has always been so," "the most vicious brute that the sun ever shone upon," "a brute whose nature is a fit hotbed for our worst vices"; that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and the problem "a simple question whether this broad land of ours is for the paleface or the redskin." But at p. 59 he thinks that "if the Indian could be given over to the army to care for, he would behave himself." Why? Because he is in deadly fear of the army? No, but because "he knows that he receives justice from the bluecoats." Again, at pp. 24, 90, he thinks that when the Indian "has sated his passion for adornment by wearing Uncle Sam's uniform for a few months, his greed for ease overcomes all sense of discipline, and he relapses into the indolent savage," and that the enlistment of Indians in the army has been attended "with questionable results." But at p. 55 he thinks that "the Comanche is capable of making as fine cavalry as exists, if subjected to discipline and carefully drilled"; and at p. 93 that the Indian has "two qualities which make him a servant of the republic equally tractable and reliable"; and finally, that "we are indebted to him for much of the best service, and in his ranks have been numbered many men whose names are household words." Really it seems to one accustomed to turbulent Caucasians, that a race which will behave itself on the extremely reasonable condition of "receiving justice" from Government officials, must be a mild and well-mannered people; and if it be the duty of the crowned heads of Europe to disband their armies and restore their soldiers to the ranks of industry, why should not the crowned heads of America do likewise, and content themselves with making Comanches into "as fine cavalry as exists"?

The trot is a gait which, metaphorically speaking, exercises Col. Dodge a great deal. On the one hand, he appreciates the trot, and on the other he abhors the Anglomaniac. On the one hand, he cites the Englishman who claims that a "horse can go seven miles on a trot for six he can go on a canter" (and "our cavalry officers on the plains—and they are the best judges of distance-riding alive"—"have arrived at a similar conclusion"), and he confesses that "the trot is unquestionably an easy gait for the horse." On the other hand, he avers that "nine-tenths of all animals belonging to the horse tribe in the world" use the other gait; that it is "more natural for a horse to rack than to trot." "Unquestionably," he cries, "*quoad* the saddle-horse, the rack must be called natural, the trot artificial." In one place he tells the young inquirer that "it [the trot] is the perfection of gaits [for the rider] if you rise to it"; in another, when advising the young inquirer as to the true requisites of a saddle-horse, he says: "If you have to choose between a good single-foot and a good trot, by all means take the single-foot, unless you prefer fashion to comfort."

Col. Dodge's "field is the world," and he has certainly gone around his field with commendable care, yet there are still two spots within it concerning which we greatly desire his criticisms. The first is Spain. We wish that he had taken illustrations from the wonderful canvases of Velasquez, showing, as has never been shown by artist, the graceful ideal seat of the gentleman rider of his time. And Spain, the home of the Andalusian steed, the horse of romance, is also an historical link in an important chain; for both the horse and his saddle passed from the Moor to the Spaniard; from the Spaniard to the Mexican; from the Mexican to the American. The second overlooked spot is Brazil. We confess it to be most unreasonable to ask Col. Dodge to take so long a sea voyage merely to make a study of the mounted Gaucho, but he might have found material for criticism in Sir Francis Head's 'Journey across the Pampas.' In this connection, too, we call his attention to a remark of Darwin's in the 'Voyage of the *Beagle*.' The Gauchos, it seems, ride with such apparent ease that it has been supposed that they use no muscular force; that they exercise no grip, but stay on a horse's back as a girl in a circus does, by being there. But, says Darwin, a Gaucho who had been employed for fifteen years as a porter in a warehouse was sent on a ride of twenty miles and back which required haste, and the next morning he was as stiff as any other old man would have been. Hence, concludes the great observer, he must have used muscular force, unconsciously and unapparently, for if there had been no strain on the muscles there would have been no stiffness.

We regret, too, that Col. Dodge should have quoted, as a rule for riding, the cockneyism, 'ands and 'eels low, 'ead and 'eart 'igh, instead of telling his readers of the Englishman who laid a wager of £50 (which we rejoice to say he won) that he could state all the essential principles of good riding in a stanza of four lines—which, for the benefit of younger readers, we repeat:

"Your head and your heart keep boldly up;
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Your legs keep close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own."

RECENT NOVELS.

David Balfour: Being Memoirs of His Adventures at Home and Abroad. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Native of Winby, and Other Tales. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Two Bites of a Cherry, and Other Tales. By T. B. Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Balcony Stories. By Grace King. The Century Co.

Sweet Bells Out of Tune. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co.

The Petrie Estate. By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The White Islander. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The Century Co.

Pastorals of France, and Renunciations. By Frederick Wedmore. Charles Scribner's Sons.

True Riches. By François Coppée. D. Appleton & Co.

The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell. By Lew Wallace. Harper & Brothers.

If there were no other reason for pleasure in the appearance of 'David Balfour,' it is enough that Mr. Stevenson has shaken off the spell of the South Seas and returned to those scenes which have provided his strongest literary inspirations. In his dedication he anticipates for the continuation of 'Kidnapped' the common doom of sequels, even going so far as to suggest a reception of hoots and missiles, but his fears were groundless, for he has achieved the exception and established a precedent. His foot is as free on the heather as if he had never known the shadow of the palm, and his long absence in the flesh seems only to have bound his spirit more closely to his native land. Early and loving attachment accomplishes description more vivid and—alas! for the photographer of the moment and the spot—more exact than the most careful observation consciously undertaken for artistic purposes.

There is no gap between the end of 'Kidnapped' and the beginning of 'David Balfour.' Davie has his hand on Fortune's hair and his foot on Respectability's threshold, but he is still in the thick of the trouble brought about by his accidental association with a detested cause in the person of his beloved Alan Breck. His capacity for hatred of an issue is laughably small in comparison with his personal loyalty. If all of the professed Jacobites had worked for their cause with half the heartiness of David's devotion to one of its representatives, how different might have been the course of English history. Mr. Stevenson plays a very clever hand when he exposes the dastardly Whig policy in Scotland after the '45 through the lips of a Lowland Whig. His arraignment of the Duke of Argyle and lesser Campbells, with their attendant

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horde of spying, trafficking ex-Jacobites, may well be considered history rather than fiction.

For sustained imagination and breathless action, there is perhaps nothing in this volume equal to the chapters in 'Kidnapped' narrating the flight through the heather of David and Alan after the murder of the Red Fox, Colin Campbell. There is no situation so passionate and touching as the quarrel at the fag end of the flight between these queer comrades in peril. The interest, on the whole, is not so keen, but it has more scope, more side issues of character and event closely allied to the heart of the narrative. Compensation for speed is great in such characters as Charles Stewart the lawyer, disposed to peace, books, and a game of golf, but obliged to dance when the clan pipes; in Prestongrange, the Lord Advocate, willing to be human when not imperatively political; in James More Drummond, the "long false fleeching" son of Rob Roy. As Alan Breck stands for Highland virtues, loyalty, courage, and reckless generosity, so James More stands for their vices—vices to which only Mr. Stevenson's dauntless pen can give a just expression. How beautiful here is the spectacle of a modern novelist calmly ignoring science, not so much as touching his cap to that *bête noire*, heredity! Side by side with the despicable father stands the passionate, sensitive daughter, Catriona Drummond. Mr. Stevenson has hitherto shown women the cold shoulder, but now makes ample amend. Catriona's nature has serious, even tragic, depths, while her foil, Miss Grant, is gay and mischievous, with an eighteenth-century touch at once dainty and stately. The charm of each is indisputable, defying curiosity about its essence and baffling definition. If David had not first fallen in love with Catriona, he must have grovelled abjectly before Miss Grant. His love was, however, fortunate. Like his friendship, it appealed instantly to his fighting instinct and his sense of moral responsibility; it chastened his self-conceit and rubbed the edge from his asperities. A character so thoroughly realized and developed in circumstances of extraordinary interest cannot easily perish. The volumes of David's adventures make the author's most substantial claim to fame, and may well endure to testify to the sincerity, beauty, and living force of the art of fiction in these later years of our century. Such work is the solution of the case of subject versus style. The subject is worthy, and worthily supported by the style; the result seems to be literature.

Miss Jewett's 'Native of Winby' is another example of the natural and proper unity of idea and expression. It would be hard to name stories better from any point of view than are four at least of those included in her latest volume. There was a time when she trembled on the verge of fashionable art, the art of writing a tale wherein no tale is discoverable; but she never went over to the unintelligibles, and is now firmly reëstablished on the old, sure ground of something to tell. One of the most vivid of general impressions about New England is given by those innumerable women very interesting for reasons which have nothing to do with being in love or being made love to. Most of them have passed, happily or unhappily, the years when love-making is very important. They are reticent and inexpressive to the stranger, who can only guess at their sorrows, personal or vicarious, from physical signs and tokens. It has been given to Miss Jewett to express these women, to paint their external life and manners, to reveal the secret emotions of the heart and yearnings of the soul. The dominant tone is sad, but the wail of despair is seldom heard; poverty does not shriek for alms, nor sickness of body or soul for pity. The "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God" compels repression, and the beneficent spirit of national humor in its most delightful mood lightens profoundest misery. A poorhouse would not be half bad if one could be sure of the company of a Betsey Lane. Several writers have won success in Miss Jewett's field, but not one has a similar grasp of situation and character, her tenderness or anything like her sense of proportion. So free is she from strain and extravagance, so easy and adequate in expression, that she goes far to remove any doubt about whether great naturalness is or is not the final phase of great literary art.

This great naturalness is just the phase which Mr. Aldrich, with all his skill, has failed to reach. He is inexpressibly neat, his polish is brilliant, but one smells the ink. Then he has that trick of the surprising end which, though very clever, has for years been confidently counted on. He is, however, supremely ingenious, and nobody else can do his trick half so well. In the volume entitled 'Two Bites of a Cherry,' he is far from dependence on the trick for success. The episodes are interesting and the characters clearly though sketchily indicated. The mission is not to furnish thought, but distraction. The story which best bears a second reading is "My Cousin the Colonel," which, to use a school-girl phrase of approbation, is simply splendid. Though the material of which Col. G. W. Flagg is created has been frequently used, Mr. Aldrich has given the tattered and torn wanderer from Dixie the spirit and freshness of a genuine inspiration. The predicament into which the genial colonel forces poor Tom Wesley, not to mention his wife, is perfectly comic, and the fun is admirably sustained. The Wesleys' joy in him would be purely reminiscent, creeping slowly, after assurance of safe return to their lonely status of people without a relation, temporarily disturbed by Flagg; yet the hour must have come when the thought of him brought inextinguishable laughter, and when they agreed that it was better to have known and suffered than never to have known at all.

Miss King's 'Balcony Stories' resemble an exercise in composition for the abolition of the verb. An attempt to boycott the adjective might be commendable, but what the unobtrusive and useful verb has done to be so slighted, and why the dash should be treated as the most enlightening symbol known to typography, are things past finding out. Aside from the studied insult to the verb, Miss King appears to have taken great pains to achieve the unintelligible. Her compositions are not stories, but hints at stories, and most of the hints are so vague, so mysterious, that to take them with certainty would need phenomenal acuteness. Miss King is an impressionist; her observation is colored by her temperament, and she aims at the production of effect by suggestion. An impressionist who has not positive literary genius, like Pierre Loti's, for instance, is apt to appear to be a person quite bereft of human reason. Miss King has sympathy, decided ability for graphic description, and a very great tenderness for various kinds of misfortune; but all these things can avail her nothing so long as she clings to a declamatory, interjectional manner, and scorns the counsels of common sense.

There is nothing fragmentary or elusive or incomprehensible about 'Sweet Bells Out of Tune.' It has no more mystery than have newspaper descriptions of social functions, and much of it might have been written primarily for a "society column." In justice to Mrs. Harrison it is to be assumed that she intended to satirize her sordid and vulgar assemblage of snobs and flunkeys, but in defence of letters it must be said that she has quite missed her point. The force of social satire largely depends on that sense of his perfect aloofness from his subject that the satirist contrives to give the reader. Here the author is thoroughly identified with her subject. She gives no sense of standing apart and scorning an ill-bred, ill-educated mob, insistent about its butler and footman, and imagining that perpetual iteration of a few phrases which are sparingly used by a limited number of English people proclaims rank and distinction. To use one of these phrases, she appears to be "awfully in it." So much is the author taken up with this mob, its external gorgeousness, its ignoble strivings, spats, and bickerings, that she has no space in which to develop rationally the estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Vernon leading to the crisis of separation. They are mere shadows of a virtuous woman, sentimental and incapable of tackling a serious situation, and of a selfish and worthless man. It is useless to assert that Gerald is a good fellow, all right at heart, etc., and to effect his reformation through an attack of typhoid fever. Not one circumstance supports the assertion, or inspires the belief that Gerald's reformation could be a bit more sincere than that of the devil in the ancient saw.

The 'Petrie Estate' is a conscientious endeavor towards solid construction and character-drawing. Conscientiousness is its conspicuous quality, and enough of that applied to any undertaking generally produces something respectable, if not brilliant. Miss Brown has boldly anchored her plot to a lost will, and has managed to do great things with her testament during the period of concealment. Her story covers the doings of Miss Coverdale during her brief enjoyment of the Petrie estate. Miss Coverdale is an elaborate evolution from the author's mind; she is intended to realize that high standard of all-round perfection, to attain which the modern teaching and writing women are always lashing the others on. We may say at once that she *is* perfection, that she is compounded of all that's best in man and woman, and that she is securely removed from human proneness to error. It is our unbiassed opinion that no living woman has yet reached Miss Coverdale's height, but we have little doubt that if all women keep on shouting, some one athletic woman will get there some day, then immediately and gladly die. Several minor characters are very well sketched, particularly John Hathaway, the overworked business man. Mrs. Bisbee represents one of those pits that the young-lady novelist often digs for herself. She is heralded as a sparkling wit; her past witticisms are enthusiastically referred to; she herself is not above mentioning that on such and such an occasion she said a pretty good thing. But, cruellest of her sex, she refuses to gratify us with even one scintillation, and obliges us to part from her with a feeling of extreme vindictiveness.

Mrs. Catherwood's 'White Islander' is a French girl, the adopted child of a Chippewa chief whose lodge is on the Island of Mackinac. The incident is the double rescue of an English trader, first from the tomahawk on the mainland and afterwards from the stake on the island. Here is matter for raising the hair and curdling the blood, but the manner of

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narration is so heavy and lifeless that the pulse declines to hasten its beat. If it be possible for an Englishman with peril of a hideous death hanging over him to conceive a violent passion for a woman, Mrs. Catherwood's instance carries no conviction. What chiefly strikes one in the scene where Henry, bound to the stake, the flames licking his feet, calls on the priest to marry him to Marie, is not the intended pathos or tragedy, but the novelty of such attachment to the marriage rite. A man here and there may prefer the prospect of the altar to that of the stake, but who ever before heard of one voluntarily adding to the horror of death by flame that of the nuptial ceremony?

Mr. Wedmore's volume of stories is well named 'Pastorals of France.' In the tales of Pornic, of Croisic, and of Chartres, the influence of nature on character and the harmony between them are admirably marked. The sentiment of scene is beautifully given, and the particular description is neither dry nor categorical. The incidents illustrate sadness in love rather than joy, yet are not oppressively melancholy. Even the old Curé of Chartres is not a wholly desolate figure. One knows that he has run the gamut of earthly disappointment, and also that he cannot be overwhelmed. His character is drawn with great strength and delicacy, which qualities are indeed conspicuous throughout the book. The first of the "Renunciations" is a good sketch of a prosaic life illumined by one wonderful incident. It may be objected that the incident is too fantastic for probability, but it is so well imagined that the objection can only be an afterthought. The volume closes with a tragedy swift and shocking in fact, and told with fine restraint.

'True Riches' could be easily spared from the works of François Coppée without injury to his reputation. It is a great pity that a French author cannot be good without also being dull or trivial. Here M. Coppée is very, very good, and fairly prattles forth his illustrations of the happiness to be achieved by the practice of virtue. The translator's method is a childish one of literal rendition of French forms and idioms, whereby the infantile air of the volume is much heightened.

An obvious reflection on 'The Prince of India' is that General Wallace builds his novels with single reference to the dictum of the prosaic *Director* in Faust:

"Die Masse könnt ihr nur durch Masse zwingen."

He means to appeal to the multitude, and relies on quantity to see him through. He has hitherto been so successful with his multitude and his quantity that he can afford to disregard the handful that feebly sigh for quality. To give concisely any notion of the contents of the two volumes lies not within the modest powers of a reviewer. There are arguments political, philosophical, religious, the latter taking cursory notice of the controversy about the procession of the Holy Ghost; there are wars and intrigues and abductions; there are princesses and Hegumens, sheiks and emirs, a Gul Bahar, an Emperor, and a Sultan, all madly loving and hating, and all as wax in the hands of the Prince of India—the Wandering Jew.

The shining characteristic of this legendary figure is, according to the author, vindictiveness. He got up a splendid scheme (somewhat similar to the Congress of Religions at Chicago), which was designed eventually to bring all nations and creeds to worship one God—a God, to quote Gibbon, "without a rival and without a Son." When Constantine declined to consider the project, its instigator turned to the Sultan, Mohammed II., and conducted him, by the aid of the stars in heaven, even to the temple of St. Sophia. Both the Jew and the Sultan are picturesquely imagined, and their genuine life shines through the dense cloud of distressing verbiage. The Emir Mirza, presumably adapted from Scanderbeg, is an attractive person, relieved from the burden of inevitable treason by Mohammed's generosity. When so much is done it can hardly be expected that it should be done well. Still, more care might have been exercised in the distribution of pronouns, and it would seem easy to avoid telling us that people shot "menacious" glances, and that roses, or trays (we are uncertain which), "rouge" the daylight. As for the salaam "left outside the door," we are consumed with curiosity to know whether the author thinks that a salaam is portable property, and if so, whether the gentleman who left it came back for it.

IN MASHONALAND.

Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa. By Frederick C. Selous. With numerous illustrations and map. London: R. Ward & Co.; New York: Scribners. 1893. 8vo, pp. xviii, 503.

THE author of this very timely and interesting book is the most famous of living sportsmen. He went to Africa in 1871, at the age of nineteen, and the greater part of his life since then has been spent in hunting in the region bordering on the Zambesi. A hunter by profession, he is also favorably known as a naturalist, and his services as an explorer have won for him the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. During the last four years his employment has been that of a pioneer, and to him more than to any other man, except Mr. Rhodes, the occupation of Mashonaland by the Chartered Company is due. When the Matabele war broke out, he was in England, but immediately returned to Africa and acted as guide to the detachment of imperial troops. In the battle of November 3 he is reported to have been slightly wounded.

The first part of his book, containing an account of the incidents and adventures of his various hunting trips during the years 1882-'88, though less valuable, will prove to the general reader more entertaining than the historical part. Many of the stories are, naturally, of experiences common to every hunter of the great game of South Africa, but several of the incidents narrated are very remarkable. Mr. Selous has been specially fortunate in the number and variety of his encounters with lions, and in the story of the two night attacks by them upon his camp he is seen at his best as a writer. A powerful piece of description, also, from its simplicity, is the account of his escape from the Mashukulumbwi after the looting of his camp. It would be hard to parallel his situation for desolateness and danger—alone in the heart of Africa, more than three hundred miles from his wagons, surrounded by hostile natives, with nothing but what he stood in and a rifle with four cartridges—and he was robbed of this the next night.

Pictures of life in camp, or in the bush, or while "trekking" across the plains, are frequent, and give one a vivid idea of its fascinations. And though the reader may become weary and at times wax indignant over the continuous slaughter, still the author's protest should not be forgotten, that he shot only for specimens for museums or for meat for his people. He has an unfavorable reputation for the wanton killing of large game, mainly because, in an account of his earlier adventures, he gave, in an appendix, an extraordinary list of his various "bags," a mistake which he has not repeated here. The speedy extinction of the larger South African animals which some have predicted does not seem to him likely, with the exception of the white rhinoceros, of which only a few individuals are now known to exist. The chiefs Khama and Lobengula, and the British Government also, if we are not mistaken, carefully "preserve" the hunting in their respective countries, and the day of indiscriminate and wanton slaughter has past. The only serious difficulty which Mr. Selous had with the famed Matabele chief was in regard to killing a hippopotamus without permission. In some regions, especially those raided by Lobengula's "impis," all wild animals of late years have greatly increased.

Mr. Selous had little elephant-shooting, but one encounter with a herd was remarkable for the extraordinary conduct of his horse. Being suddenly charged by an elephant at close quarters, our author resolved to dismount and run for the rocks.

"My stallion was, in some respects, a perfect shooting-horse, and immediately I leant forward and seized his mane he stopped dead. I was off and in front of him in an instant, and running for the rocks, which were not twenty yards away. As I got round the first rock I turned, and this is what I saw: The horse was standing absolutely still, with his head up and his fore feet planted firmly in the ground, as if carved in stone, and the elephant, which had then ceased to scream, and was making a curious rumbling noise, was standing alongside of him, smelling about with her trunk. In front of my saddle was tied a leather coat, with a red flannel lining—a present the preceding year from my friend poor Montagu Kerr—and I suppose that the elephant must have touched the horse with her trunk, as he suddenly gave a jump round, throwing the red-lined coat into the air. He then walked slowly to the rocky ridge behind him, and again stood still about fifteen yards away from the elephant."

This might have been ascribed to the paralysis of fear, had it not occurred a second time in the same hunt. Incidentally Mr. Selous gives some account of the habits of the animals he hunted, though less than might have been expected from one with so strong a taste for natural history; nor has he much to tell of the different native tribes with whose manner of life he was so familiar. On the other hand, references to his guns are not infrequent, while hints to sportsmen are scattered throughout the volume. Occasionally there is a graphic bit of description, as when, writing of a thunder-storm at night, he says, "the rain came down solid, in such a way that, although the soil under foot was deep loose sand, the lightning showed a sheet of water, for the sand could not absorb the rain as fast as it fell."

The pioneer work began in 1889 with the conducting of a gold-prospecting party through eastern Mashonaland. This necessitated a visit to the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, of which Mr. Selous gives an interesting account, as well as of the whole expedition. On his return to the Cape his favorable report of the apparent richness of the gold region, and also of the active preparations of the Portuguese to occupy it, led Mr. Rhodes to take immediate steps to anticipate them, and the author was engaged to act as guide to the Chartered Company's pioneer force. Before telling this part of his story, however, he describes, at some length, Ma-

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shonaland, its resources, inhabitants, and antiquities. In treating of these he argues strongly against Mr. Bent's theory that a high form of civilization once existed here, which, with the foreign race of gold-seekers who brought it, was destroyed in some great catastrophe. As the natives within fifty years washed and mined gold, built stone walls round their kraals, and ornamented their knife-sheaths and pottery in a manner similar to the builders of Zimbabwi, and as there is to be seen in them a tendency to revert to the Asiatic or Semitic type, he holds that there has been a "gradual fusion of a numerically small number of a race of traders and merchants, who were themselves in a low state of civilization, with the aboriginal inhabitants of the country."

At the time of the British occupation in 1890 Mashonaland was almost an uninhabited wilderness, though before the Zulus settled in Matabeleland, about 1840, it had a large population who cultivated the ground, were rich in herds, lived, many of them, in walled towns, and practised some rude arts. Now the miserable remnant have fled to the top of almost inaccessible rocks, where existence is made yet more wretched by ceaseless dread of their terrible neighbors. Of this abject state of fear Mr. Selous had frequent experience. In one of his hunting trips his whole party "only numbered ten; yet, after crossing the Manyami, until I passed the extreme limit of the Matabele raids, the people everywhere fled precipitately at our approach, the old women running from the cornfields, wailing and shouting, and the cattle-herds and goat-herds leaving their flocks to shift for themselves." A raid was described to him by one who took part in it:

"When the impi came to Musigaguva, they camped close to the Mashona kraals, the inhabitants of which brought down food and beer for the Matabele soldiers, who seemed on very friendly terms with them, they on their side suspecting nothing. On the day of their arrival everything remained quiet, but the following morning the Matabele, acting on the orders of their endunas, suddenly surrounded the different small kraals, and then at once fell upon the unsuspecting inhabitants. None were spared, but men, women, and children were ruthlessly slaughtered, many of the infants, according to John Matoli, having been seized by the ankle and their brains dashed out against stones. It was in April, 1883, that this cruel massacre took place, and towards the end of the following November, on my way back to Matabeleland, I passed through the country, and, camping one night amongst the ruins of the deserted kraals, saw with my own eyes the devastation that had been wrought."

These Mashonas, it should be said, were tributaries of the Matabele, had large herds of their cattle in their keeping, wore the dress and spoke the language of their lords; nor was any reason ever given for their massacre except that it was the King's command.

The rights of this robber-clan seem to have been even scrupulously respected by the Chartered Company. The only wagon-road to the Mashonaland plateau from the British frontier led through Buluwayo, the residence of Lobengula, and when he refused to permit the pioneer force to use it, a new road was cut, under the guidance and superintendence of Mr. Selous, to the south and east of Matabeleland through a trackless wilderness for 460 miles. This was finished in the extraordinarily short time of two months and a half. Had the author foreseen the nearness of the inevitable conflict, which was successfully avoided in this and several other instances at that time, he would probably have given some description of the now fugitive king. As it is, he only leaves upon his readers the impression of a once strong personality somewhat weakened with age and infirmities. Of Khama, chief of the Bamangwato, he speaks, as all other writers have done, in terms of the highest commendation, calling attention at the same time to the ungracious return made by the Government for the great services which he has rendered the English. Mr. Selous naturally feels much confidence in the future of the new British territory, regarding it as valuable, apart from its mineral wealth, for stock-farming and agriculture. Although well within the tropics, its elevation of from three to six thousand feet above the sea-level gives the higher portions a "thoroughly temperate climate," with cool nights the whole year round. In winter it is "apt to become so keen and cold that an Englishman suddenly transplanted from home, and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some portion of the Mashona uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would rather be inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend color to this belief."

After the completion of the wagon-road, the author was engaged for two years in various ways in opening up the country and in making treaties with the Mashona chiefs, returning to England at the end of 1892. During this time he had an exciting night adventure with five lions which he describes admirably. It only remains to say of his book, which is by far the most interesting of recent works on Africa, that it is very attractively got up, with illustrations of unusual merit, a good map, and an index.

French Illustrators. By Louis Morin. Preface by Jules Claretie. With fifteen plates and many text illustrations. In five parts. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

It is somewhat curious and not uninstructive to compare this sumptuous publication with the similar one on 'American Illustrators' brought out some time ago by the same firm. The comparison is not altogether to the disadvantage of the Americans, even though the ranks of the Frenchmen are filled with foreign recruits whose only claim to be considered French is that they reside in Paris. Caran d'Ache, though half-Russian, may properly be considered French, but Rossi and Marchetti are thoroughly Italian in their art as well as in their names, and Vierge is a Spaniard to the marrow. Kaemmerer is a Belgian, and Lynch a South American, and there are a number of other names with a suspiciously foreign sound. Even with these reinforcements, however, the "all Paris" team is not unquestionably victor. The Americans are as decidedly superior in some directions as the Frenchmen are in others, and the particular points in which each group excels are worthy of note. In some cases the result seems at first rather surprising.

France is the home of classic draughtsmanship, and the first of these surprises is to find that French illustration, as here represented, contains nothing in the line of the serious treatment of the human figure, nude or classically draped, that can compare with such American works as Vedder's 'Omar Khayyám' or Low's illustrations to Keats, to name no others. The men in Paris who can do that sort of work do not condescend to illustration, it would seem. It is perhaps so much the worse for our men that they are obliged to put much of their best thought into black-and-white, but it is certainly the better for our books. Neither can the Frenchmen match Abbey for delicate fancy, charming handling of pen-and-ink, and the dainty presentation of seventeenth and eighteenth century types and costumes, or Pennell for architectural drawing. In pure landscape the Frenchmen show little, while in pure decoration the honors are perhaps divided. Where Paris beats us thoroughly is in caricature and humorous drawing. The group of men headed by Caran d'Ache and Forain, and which includes such names as Renouard, Jeanniot, Steinlen, and Willette, is unapproachable. In some of them the humor is only in a slight accentuation of the type, in others it takes the form of broad farce, but in all of them the power of draughtsmanship, the vigor of line, and the economy of expression are such as to make our work in the same sort seem feeble and amateurish by contrast. The French comic draughtsmen are many of them the strongest and most vital draughtsmen of France. Ours are too apt to be either untrained artists, in whom fun supplies the place of knowledge, or trained artists who make pretty drawings and leave the fun to the text. We are improving in this respect, but we have still much to learn from the French.

Another class of men that we have not, and are not likely to have, in America are the purely "military painters," like Detaille, who figures here by right of his remarkable series of drawings of the "Armée Française." The precision of gaiter-buttons, the intense interest in the smallest things that touch the life of the soldier, is a French trait, and the *peintre militaire* is a French institution. Perhaps it is to the extension of this love for precision in military matters to other things that is partly due what is, after all, the distinctive note of this collection. Certainly some of the military subjects are among those most clearly belonging to the photographic school. The school, however, is everywhere, and the extent to which realism has been pushed in France is astonishing and disquieting. One turns to plate after plate which is almost deceptively like a photograph from nature, as accurate and as stupid, until one begins to wonder if art and style and the personal element are all to disappear from modern art together, and, if so, why the artist might not as well disappear too and leave the field to the camera. We remarked recently on the degree of success with which the late Mrs. Cameron tried to turn photography into art, but here are men turning art into photography with even more complete success. Fortunately, the reaction has already begun. In painting we have Puvis de Chavannes and others. In illustration there seem at present to be only the humorous draughtsmen and the frivolous draughtsmen who maintain the tradition of selection and personal style; but even in serious illustration we are sure, sooner or later, to be delivered from the tyranny of the photograph.

The text which accompanies the drawings is of no importance whatever, and may be dismissed with a word. M. Morin is himself an illustrator, and, to avoid criticising his brothers-in-arms, has invented a tiresome fiction of an American millionaire and his friends visiting the studios of the artists and conversing with them. There are a few personal facts about the artists represented and some mention of what they have done, and, occasionally, a remark by one of them of some interest; but most of the writing is at the same time slight and dull. Fortunately no one need read it. The reproductions are admirable, and leave

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little to be desired from the point of view of mechanical perfection.

Twenty Years at Sea; or, Leaves from My Old Log-Books. By Frederic Stanhope Hill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

THIS is a very readable book, having the genuine flavor of the sea and sea life. In addition to being as interesting as the fiction of Clark Russell, it gives in a healthy and natural manner many interesting and exciting phases in the life of the author in times of storm, battle, and blockade. Capt. Hill, who in the narrative uses the *nom de plume* of Capt. Kelson, had a long and successful career in the merchant service, followed by an active and honorable experience during the civil war as a volunteer officer in the navy of the United States.

The description given of his first voyage, as a boy of thirteen, from New York to Rio, is excellent, without glamour or apparent exaggeration. Service in the merchant marine was chosen by the author's father as affording the best test for the strength of the boy's sea-longing, and also providing the quickest relief if sea life proved unpalatable. Good judgment was here shown, and when the first voyage confirmed the author in his desire for such a life, he still remained in the merchant service; his observations of the gray-haired lieutenants of our navy stationed on board vessels in Rio harbor assured him of the better possibilities of advancement in the merchant service. That he was not mistaken in the latter his narrative shows, for he commanded a full-rigged ship before he reached the age of twenty-one. The merchant service holds forth fewer opportunities in these days, at least under the American flag, while the naval service is about the same if not worse, so far as the possibilities of advancement are concerned; command rank being now attained in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, and retirement following at sixty-two years.

While serving as a mate on board of the ship *Thomas H. Perkins*, the writer accompanied a detachment of Col. Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers in its somewhat famous voyage to California before the days of the discovery of gold. These men were a rough set, and the experience with them at the time must have been far from pleasant. An amusing incident occurring shortly after the arrival at Rio, on the part of the company of Captain (now General) Lippitt, must in these later years provoke a smile from him, no matter how vexatious it was at the time.

Captain Hill had a trying experience with his first command. It reads like a romance. While detained in Santiago in Chile, securing a permit to ship copper, the mate left in charge of the ship at Valparaiso tampered with the crew, secured a gang of beach-combers from shore, and ran away with the ship and seventy thousand dollars in silver on board and disappeared from the sight of man. Falling in, fortunately, with an old boon companion of the runaway mate, the writer ascertained the probable whereabouts of the ship, and, fitting out an expedition in a fast-sailing schooner, found his lost ship on the other side of the Pacific in the Admiralty group north of New Guinea. Recapturing his vessel after some fighting, he proceeded upon his way to Hong Kong, and, after a later encounter with a typhoon, finished his voyage most successfully.

After seventeen years of constant sea-going, the sea was abandoned for business life on shore. In two years, however, our author was afloat again, this time in the navy, at the beginning of the late war, as a volunteer officer. His first service was upon the *Richmond* in a stern chase after Semmes, then in command of the *Sumter*, and the service was continued through the blockade of the mouth of the Mississippi, the passage of the forts below New Orleans with Farragut, the fights off Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and finally the passage of the forts and the following engagement which ended in the possession of Mobile Bay. Promoted to be an acting lieutenant for his creditable service, he was given the command of a sailing vessel transformed into a man-of-war, and stationed upon the coast of Texas for blockading purposes. Here the tedium of blockades was relieved by the excitement of narrow escapes from seizure on shore and by some clever captures of blockade-runners. Transferred to the upper Mississippi River in the latter part of the war, he was engaged, while in the command of several vessels, in the patrol of the river to prevent the trans-Mississippi forces of the Confederacy from crossing over and joining the main armies of the Confederacy. This monotonous but most important duty was faithfully performed, and a hitherto unwritten episode of the war is related of a proposed betrayal and delivery of a steamer by a Union naval officer of the volunteer service, who, bewitched by a beautiful Southern girl, was about to be faithless to his trust when the timely discovery of his treason was made.

We can commend this book as one of the best of sea tales recently issued, and a worthy successor of the classic book of Dana, written also by a fellow-New Englander.

Schuld oder Unschuld des Templerordens: Kritischer Versuch zur Lösung der Frage. Von Dr. phil. Julius Gmelin. Mit einer besonderen Mappe enthaltend 20 Tafeln. 8vo. Stuttgart. 1893.

IN the long-debated question as to the guilt of the Templars the scale seems at last to be inclining in favor of the accused. Prof. Hans Prutz of Königsberg is now almost alone in maintaining that they were infected with the heresies ascribed to them, and, while his special studies on the subject naturally give his opinions weight, even he has felt obliged to modify those opinions considerably, and in his latest work on the subject he contents himself with attributing to the members of the order a far less flagrant deviation from orthodoxy than he had asserted in his earlier publications.

We have now to welcome a new combatant in the lists—one who has already won his spurs by a learned and exhaustive essay on the Templar Rule, printed not long since in the *Mittheilungen des Instituts für Oesterreichische Geschichtsforschung*. Dr. Gmelin has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject in all its aspects—no previous writer has probably examined with such searching minuteness all the voluminous evidence extant relating to the trials; and the result is his conviction of the false and fraudulent nature of the charges put forward by Philippe le Bel, on the strength of which hundreds of Templars were tortured to confession, scores of them were burned alive for retracting, the order was suppressed, and its large possessions were confiscated, nominally for the benefit of the Knights of St. John, but to a great extent seized by those who were in position to profit by its ruin. One special feature of Dr. Gmelin's work will render it indispensable to all future students of the subject. He has been at the infinite pains of tabulating the controlling points in the confessions of about four hundred Templars in France—the cases on which the prosecution mainly relied—and he presents the results in a form admitting of ready examination and comparison, with such indications concerning the individuals as have a bearing upon the credibility of their statements. With this aid it will be comparatively easy hereafter for any one familiar with the general circumstances to estimate for himself the character and weight of the evidence, and to recognize the contradictions which deprive it of all significance, save as an illustration of the facility with which the inquisitorial methods of torture enabled a judge to secure from the accused whatever admissions were desired.

The Templar catastrophe is one of those dramatic events in history which can never lose their interest. The distinguished station of the victims, the suddenness and completeness of their fall, the horrors to which they were subjected, the sordid motives of the prosecution, and the savage means by which that prosecution was conducted to a successful issue, all conspire to invest the affair with a sombre picturesqueness akin to that of the most skilfully constructed tragedy. The whole course of action is dominated by the unflinching ferocity of Philippe le Bel, in striking contrast with the initial irresoluteness of his accomplice, Clement V., whose easy good-nature becomes even more remorseless than Philippe's rapacity when he finds himself inextricably compromised, and recognizes that, if he cannot destroy the order, the failure of the attempt will morally destroy him; while between the two stands the pathetic figure of De Molay, who abandons his comrades in the delusive hope of self-preservation, and then, after seven years of harsh incarceration, redeems his error by the voluntary self-sacrifice of an heroic death.

In such a story there is no element of interest lacking, and its able and vigorous presentment by Dr. Gmelin ought to secure many readers for his book, albeit it is not written for a popular audience, but is a scholarly investigation into all disputed points, polemical sometimes to the point of combativeness, but informed throughout with a thorough knowledge of the subject, in the light of the most recent research.

The Pilgrim in Old England: A Review of the History, Present Condition, and Outlook of the Independent (Congregational) Churches in England. By Amory H. Bradford. London: James Clarke & Co.; New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1893.

ONE of the pleasant signs of the decadence of that spirit of hostility towards England which characterized the average American of the first half of this century, and which demagogues do their best still to foster, is the interest now manifested in the details of English social, political, and religious life by a large portion of the reading public. The book under review is an outgrowth of this interest, and it makes a further appeal to the curiosity of a large American religious body to know something of the habits and thought of its counterpart in name on English soil. Under the fanciful title of 'The Pilgrim in Old England,' Dr. Bradford has put into print a number of addresses, chiefly made to the students of Andover Theological Seminary. His aim is modest; as he states it himself in the preface, his book "is not intended to be an exhaustive

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study of ecclesiastical polity, nor a history of the rise and growth of an ecclesiastical order, but rather an exposition of the working of the principles which are taught and illustrated in the Independent, or Congregational, churches of England." Under these self-imposed limitations, Dr. Bradford gives a colloquial account of the rise of the body of which he treats, running hastily over its history, its organization and methods of government, its doctrinal tests, its present preachers and leaders, and its attitude on problems of the relations of Church and State. With his facts and impressions Dr. Bradford interweaves much of his own theories, and he writes with the American churches of his own fellowship always in mind. His admiration for the leaders of English Congregationalism is intense and rather undiscriminating, and his appreciation of the services of the body of which he treats in English religious development is always warm; but he believes that disestablishment would largely end Dissent.

Nothing is, perhaps, very new or very profound; but these addresses, as a whole, constitute a pleasant guide to a general acquaintance with the present condition and tendencies of one of the oldest of English Nonconformist bodies. They are of importance in that they gather together, as no other work does, the scattered facts of denominational life in the Independent churches; and the spirit in which they are written is that of hearty international good-fellowship.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Black, W. The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat. Harpers. 80 cents.
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Holden, Martha E. A String of Amber Beads. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
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